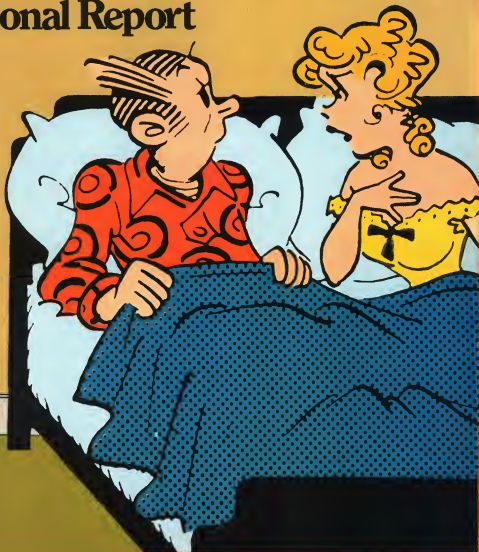


Maclean's

Marriage In Crisis

A National Report

I JUST DREAMED
THAT YOU WERE
SEEING ANOTHER
WOMAN



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Sears

Interview

With Dr. Wilder Penfield

In the foyer of the Montreal Neurological Institute is a life size statue of a formerly clad young woman. The French inscription in the base translates: "Nature revealing herself to Science." That line embodies the lifelong quest of the late Wilder Penfield, an iron-willed humanitarian who founded the institute and became one of the world's finest neurological pioneers. Born in Spokane, Washington, in 1891 to a frontier doctor father and a religious mother, Wilder Groves Penfield developed at an early age a diamond-hard will. When he was 13 his mother told him of the newly established Rhodes Scholarship which required "all-arounder" ability including athletics. With a small build and no interest in athletics, he nevertheless won his eagerly footed letter to Princeton (where he was taking honors philosophy) and became a Rhodes Scholar. On vacation from medicine at Oxford, Penfield dressed casually in France and was torpedoed on his way home across the English Channel. After six years of research under the Harvard wing of his Percy P. Rockefeller, in 1926 he became a neurosurgeon at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital. The doors of his Helicon dream, the Montreal Neurological Institute, opened in 1934, the same year he became a Canadian citizen. It was here he bucked away under the mountain, that the "Chief," as he became known to everyone, found the cures for and cure for epilepsy and, while meticulously attacking the "impenetrable" convulsions, both the local and central of memory. Returning from Russia during World War II, he visited the biblical city of Ur, home of Abraham and Sarah. It became the setting for his first novel, *No Other Gods*. Anything his deep belief that man's most important intellectual step was the brain search for an invisible god. His greatly admired Oppenheimer and his moral struggle to stop the use of atomic bombs he held fathers of Penfield. He believed the role of man's brain with it least as important as what was discovered about it—conviction he expressed his work as president of the Vanner Institute of the Family. This late Governor General was one of his closest friends and, as he expressed, rightly with words. *Calvin Boldwin*, the Chief learned on his president's possession a hand-drawn cross capped with a silver collar which was given to him by George Vanier. It was his last treasure. A few days later he died.

Maclean: Is the real of *Painful Hours*

her lawyer contended she had been completely disoriented and her actions were beyond her control.

Penfield: I think that brainwashing is bunk. I'm quite clear about this. No one can be forced to think what he doesn't want to think. Nothing that you do to the brain can influence the mind unless you want it.



**THAT BRAINWASHING
DEFENSE IS BUNK—
PATTY HEARST IS A
CRIMINAL AND SHOULD
GET IT IN THE NECK**

to. We know the Chinese seem to have created in what's called brainwashing, but any one who doesn't want to believe can't be forced against his will. So his lawyer's contention is absolutely false. What she says she was helpless and her brain was altered beyond her power to influence it, I do not believe it. It was up to her and she could have kept her integrity just as the Christian pilgrims did in the case of *Rome Maclean*. In *Walt, the way against you* I suppose to know, *I, Lee* say, took the only line of defense possible.

Penfield: She is just a criminal and ought to go to in the neck. And I wouldn't be surprised if the neck isn't the right place to go to it then. I don't know what you think about hanging.

Maclean: Is John Y. Kennedy's statement, that I have now evidence to support both sides?

Penfield: It seems to me that death is a deterrent for the worst of criminals. Anyway, they say a damn assurance and they'd be out of the way.

Maclean: Speaking of criminals, inner government's have engaged in some and prison, using the tools of your trade, not sure. Suppose somebody makes great strides in the future in terms of things it's possible to do with the mind, and some government misapplies your discoveries. Do you anticipate free a crisis similar to that faced by the man who built the atomic bomb?

Penfield: No, that's a research likelihood or danger in neurology. The mind is independent of the brain—at least that's the most likely hypothesis. I've never become what's called an all-out-and-out dumber because that goes on over into all sorts of things, but from a scientific point of view I think I can see clearly that the brain is only something that is conditioned, something that is carried about as you would carry a computer. The brain is a computer and the most wonderful computer, of course, in existence. But it is computed by something that is outside itself, the mind.

Maclean: You make a distinction between the mind and the brain?

Penfield: Very definitely. All we are waiting for now is a physician who will discover and describe for us the electrical energy that we know is in the brain, that runs the computer and sends billions of messages going back and forth in the computer all the time, with us how it works. When the brain wakes up, the mind wakes up and immediately takes charge of certain acts. Therefore there must be a form of energy not yet discovered by the physicist, and I predict at that where we get that, then we'll understand how the mind receives its energy. Because it has energy it has initiative. It can do things with the brain. It can open the files of memory, which are in the brain, just as they are in your computer. The computer is helpless, perfectly helpless, until you outside, conscious and come to it and programs it, then it becomes a functional thing. The same is true of the brain and the mind. The mind is the programmer from the very beginning, the mind is born with the form. You see it is obvious at the very beginning. You see some evidence of purpose. Whenever there's individual purpose, the mind is exploring and during the operation of the computer, and any time it directs the attention of the computer, the object of his vision is being recorded, according to the brain.

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Taxes and royalties accounted for	18 cents
Earnings	6 cents

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McNeeley's Dr. Payoff: *Do you recall the time, the first time, that you discovered this woman could be raped?*

Penfield: Well, I'm guessing it's a little side room over in the Royal Victoria Hospital, and I had a woman that I was very much puzzled about, a woman who had epilepsy. I knew that the attacks of epilepsy were coming from some kind of electrical discharge in her temporal lobe, and so I tried to produce one of her usual attacks and the next morning "I felt just the way I did when my daughter was born." I knew she was innocent—the wouldn't try to pull my leg—but I didn't understand. I didn't even notice a note of C.F. But that was the first time. The next time was about three years later. There was a girl who, in her epileptic attacks, used to have a regular little dream. So I stimulated, and it became perfectly obvious that that wasn't a dream—that was a seizure. Her husband was involved in it, and they understood it. And eventually we found that by electrical stimulation you can set off the epileptic phenomenon that is at the basis of such seizure.

McNeeley: *Is that it rather ironic that a brilliant scientist like yourself, having made discoveries like the one you just described, should have such an obvious faith in God?*

Penfield: Not at all, it's the reasonable approach. I don't know if you are familiar with Robert Oppenheimer, this man who was involved by McCarthy. He was a great scientist and the father of the atomic bomb. He came to the same conclusion that I did, which is that if you have prepared yourself you will find that much of the world is all planned by you. What the Chinese had in mind when he had his plan in the beginning. And the plan of the world is a way in it for every man who is willing to go past himself to the unknown and work on himself. Now, that sounds like predestination, but it isn't. It's just coming in the truth. There is a plan for the betterment of this world, and everyone who is sincerely working in it is working toward the same end.

McNeeley: *You stated China in 1952 compared the spirit of capitalism with the spirit of Communism, which is closer to Christianity?*

Penfield: I remember having a talk with my interpreters in China, and he asked me about our religion. I told him about it about his "God," he said, "We have no religion. My mother used to ask the proper things in the morning and observe the Buddhist fasts and things, but we have no religion." And I said, "You have a religion, and that is one of the things I believe in. I've overheard of your religion to improve the fate of the Chinese people." He thought for a minute and said, "Yes, perhaps you're right." I think the application of Communism in China is a great deal closer to Christianity than our application of capitalism in Canada and the United States. When I go to China I have a highly moral place. I see great heaps of bicycles

all stacked against each other without a single lock on them. Nobody ever steals. It's true. It isn't very long ago that China stood up to be a moral teaching place. Communism in China is very close to the teachings of Christ, and morality has become a perfectly tremendous force—one which goes through the whole of their society and which changes the attitude of every citizen of every little village, and every farmer, and every farmer's wife.

McNeeley: *To return to the temporal aspect, you have established neurologically why children up to age 10 or 12 learn a language easily while adults find it difficult.*

Penfield: Oh, gods, it's so simple. Before I came to Montreal I took six months off



COMMUNISM IN CHINA IS MUCH CLOSER TO CHRISTIANITY THAN THE CAPITALISM WE PRACTISE IN CANADA

and I went to the only city I had, up to that time, opened on epileptic patients, a man by the name of Orlin Forshaw who lived in London—which was German at the time. We needed a mad and a friend told me about this woman called Professor Bergman. She came and she couldn't speak a word of English, then I went to see her children, age one to 10, quickly became fluent in German. Mr. Penfield and I learned it the hard way, and we always spoke in badly. The evidence is clear that there is a mechanism within the brain that makes learning of language easy. But perhaps it takes place about the age of eight, about the time teachers start to teach a second language, so they are defeated before they begin. The brain of the young child

web up two frames for three if they are leaving French, German and English within the brain, and when they are learning French they are building onto the French frame. And it says here, they never lost. When they're learning English they switch over, and when they have a third language, switch over again. So the child who has heard languages in the first few months of life will have heard them in a switch mechanism.

McNeeley: *But when Mr. Trudeau comes along and teaches a 40-year-old man to learn to become bilingual, it's a whole different ball game.*

Penfield: Well, he does the best he can. **McNeeley:** *What would you recommend to the Prime Minister regarding his language policy?*

Penfield: That we develop a system of bilingual baby-sitters who, if trying to teach English in a French child, should speak to French themselves. There are other ways, you use trade children with your friends.

McNeeley: *There are a lot of Canadians who are against bilingual policy—Westerners, for instance. People from Alberta are upset about having to learn French in even having it taught in the schools.*

Penfield: Yes, and even more pessimistic is the tradition that you must wait until one language is set before you start another. Now that is either pedantic or religious junk, absolute junk. A French-Canadian mother wrote me and said she was worried about her children's language. Her husband is English and that language was used in her home all the time. I said, "Well, why don't you do that—call upstairs French and downstairs English, and play the game yourself," said I French upstairs and English downstairs. "She wrote me a year later and said it worked marvelously. It was delightful with the children changing on the way downstairs."

McNeeley: *Does learning another language perhaps help the acceptance of the world?*

Penfield: It produces a better brain. There isn't any question but what the young man who comes to college who has learned two languages has a better brain than the average one who is unilingual. He will have a better future, too. He can learn other languages better. If you can just give the child a chance to start to make a bridge for another language, you have opened his whole mechanism within the brain. He has the capacity to learn to any number of languages. I take the Jewish example. And I say that to the Jewish doctors, who are now learning Yiddish as well as some other languages, in a little cleverer than his neighbor. And I would defend that in almost any century when men's bilingual or multilingual. I could say, also, that the children of immigrants who had been raised by a name who spoke Chinese to them, or Persian—it wouldn't matter—would prove to be more intellectually active than others. **McNeeley:** *You have talked about the need*

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for Jerry World Mr. Trudeau say as a candidate?

Peinfeld: Oh, yes. It's one of my heroes, a leader, a real leader of new thought in the province of Quebec. There was a time when it could have gone one way or the other. Pierre Trudeau changed the province of Quebec's attitude toward Canada. It might have had a much more anti-patriotic outlook at that time, and I think we have great things to thank him for.

Maclean: What's happened to the actual goal revision of the State?

Peinfeld: The quest revision has developed in the only way it could, which is a revolution in education. They had the problem of changing a whole classical way of teaching, which was controversial. If anybody had wanted to hold out and stand by the Church, it would have been a great step backward, but this was a new development in education and it seems to have come about as well as it could have.

Maclean: Speaking of heroes, you have several names to mention. Of all shapes, sports. At I heard the story, you describe your life, still make the soccer football team at Princeton, and that season a play known as the Peinfeld Koolhaas has been made. What was the result?

Peinfeld: Well, it's a funny thing. I was a kicker, a pretty good kicker. That game was won by a kicked ball that rolled along the ground, struck its end on something, and jumped over the crossbar—believe it or not. But I didn't kick it. It was a great big fellow named Dewart who kicked it, it just jumped and jumped and jumped and—boom—over it went. So I didn't have anything to do with it, but when I went up to Dewart to give a congratulatory pat, he said, "You're kidding, talked about it and I couldn't deny it. But, although I don't mean the kicking in the game, I don't mean responsible for the victory. The things that make you famous are really things. But athletes were very important in my life. I wanted to win a scholarship, and that's how I became a player on the football team. But when I got my letter, that was enough. For a moment I was very much involved in football, but from then on I went directly to Oxford and started kicking back. I've hardly seen a football game since."

Maclean: What about today?

Peinfeld: Nothing? Yes, I'm a keen sailor. Until five years ago, when I began to get this weakness. I found when I would jump onto a sailboat, my legs would give way. That's almost the first indication I had that something was going wrong. I was out with Patricia, my daughter, and she got onto the boat, and I jumped in from the dock. Both legs gave way and I came crashing down and hit my shins. This was (shakes head).

Maclean: Is that a personal thing? Is there anything that can be done for it?

Peinfeld: They've taken out bits of muscle and found degeneration up it, and that's as far as they can go.

Maclean: Well, you seem to get about quite well.

Peinfeld: I do, but I don't.

Maclean: How would Wilder Gross Peinfeld describe Wilder Gross Peinfeld today?

Peinfeld: Now there are three Wilder Gross Peinfelds. How Lewis, my grandson, would describe me would be very interesting. He's the main critic on the Toronto Star, and he's a great fellow. I could describe him more easily than I can me.

Maclean: Could you have a stab at it, describing you?

Peinfeld: No. Describe yourself? No. They did a house of me in the Neurological Institute and presented it the other day, and I think it was very well done. It has a bunch of it. But when I saw him (like him) of himself, I didn't know him, I never



THE SOONER I LEAVE THIS WORLD, THE BETTER. WHAT WITH ALL THE WEAKNESS, I'LL BE GLAD TO GO

see the man. When you're really focused in doing your job, whatever it is, you never see yourself.

Maclean: It's been 39 years since you married Helen Kermis. What do you value the most about your new work with you?

Peinfeld: I could never have done without her help and advice. She's always believed in what I was doing. She always knew I could do it. She always warned me. I think she took me off my high horse. I think the best thing is that you have a good wife. It's the only thing in the world. And that's where our superiority over women comes in—we can have a good wife if they can't. I've had one, and even now our companionship is the best thing I have left.

Maclean: There's something else I would

like to ask you. You're here a brilliant organizer, focusing on an area in which you feel you could do important work, but you still have an open mind and a's, a'more a lot—politics, archeology, religion, education. You've been successful in a great many things, and that's not one of those accidents. They tend to get mixed up. Why have you been different?

Peinfeld: I never closed the windows of my mind. Never. But I kept my objectives, and the work I had to do in the world, before me. I had some other man who had an open mind in that same sense, William O'Neil, and perhaps that had some effect. He was not my hero as far as a scientist was concerned, but he was as a man, as a human being who lived his life with an interest in everything. He kept his dictionary and encyclopedia in the dining room, and he turned to it all the time. Well, I did that at the beginning. I suppose I was mistaking the kind of life that he lived.

Maclean: The order of Sir William O'Neil was hidden behind the gateway to the McGill Library. Working in the library one night, you asked to see the well and asked Wilder O'Neil to come back. The story and a subsequent meeting in the room were widely reported and open to all over the world. How did you get on at the end?

Peinfeld: That was a great job. I told the story a little too dramatically in an address at Trinity College School and there was a reporter from some Toronto newspaper—I only remember he was a reporter, fresh-faced young man—and after I was through he came to me and said, "Shall I say you did hear Sir William behind the punching or you thought you did?" Oh my gosh, I thought, how's terrible. "Oh no," I said, "any I thought I did." It was no use. The report was particularly popular in England. I gather, because I received fan mail particularly congratulating me on having made contact with the great master and being one of the chosen spirits.

Maclean: I don't know whether this is a fair question, but you have a mysterious name. Have you refused chemotherapy on an ethical basis or a medical basis?

Peinfeld: I took medicine by natural because it's more comfortable, it's available, so I'm said, and I don't like to be uncomfortable—and anyway, the sooner I can leave this world, the better, with all this weakness and all. I'd give anything to go.

Maclean: Should the choice ever be given or refused?

Peinfeld: Yes, I think somehow one of the rights of human beings is to die with dignity. And the time may come when the medical profession can have the dignity and might to help in out of this world. But otherwise we have to be patient. And you've got to see that your work is the world over. No one should want to go before that. Anyway, I've finished the manuscript of *No More About* (the autobiography). I start off the last re-edited chapters just this week, and I'm simply delighted, of course, that it has gone.

For complete details about Wilder Gross Peinfeld, his life and his work, see *Wilder Gross Peinfeld: A Life in Science and Art* by Wilder Gross Peinfeld, published by Bantam Books, Inc., New York, N.Y. \$14.95. Bantam Books, Inc., New York, N.Y. \$14.95. Bantam Books, Inc., New York, N.Y. \$14.95. Bantam Books, Inc., New York, N.Y. \$14.95.



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Letters

The Tory convention: Maclean's called it the way he saw it

While my view of *Maclean's* is a little jaundiced since the start of *Tony's Canada*, I would like to recognize that Ian Urquhart and Michael Kugler provided a better account of the leadership convention (March 3) than others I have read. Other commentators seemed unable to ignore superficial labels and their own desire to interpret events in terms of (naggingly unresolved) ideological and racial divisions in order to see common ground between Clark and Stevens. After listening to both during the policy session I was able to switch my view with regret, but not with misgivings, after Stevens' unexpectedly poor showing. I was not "stunned" but very much gratified to see that Stevens and I seemed to be on the same wavelength.

Delegates (I saw little evidence that we were a party of old men) pointed fingers in waiting until party unity. Waiting on the arena floor for that much delayed fireball, we missed each other that we could not victory by any of the leading commentators. But surely the problems are exaggerated, arising at least partly from press generalizations about "Tory blood-baths" and "Crim conventions." Let's remember that the war waged itself of the *Wall* and that not all the delegates (from the federal cabinet in the last night) were left with various best wishes for the Prime Minister. One may not see the happenings of families, but we will understand one another.

ROBERT F. KATHNER

DELEGATE, KENNEDY-RIVER, ONT.

Never the twain shall meet

Multiple Screens: Is That A Light At The End Of The Tunnel? (March 23) by Bill

Danger is one of the best reports I have seen on the recent developments of Vancouver. Danger presented the general in a manner that was optimistic while still being cautious, which unfortunately is the way we have to treat this research for the time being.

DIANNA CROFT-THORPE

MULTIPLE SCREENS SOCIETY OF CANADA
TORONTO

Another blow-by-blow description

In *Inside Maclean's* (March 1) you make two absolutely false statements. Jack Florer did not hit a reporter and I did not knock Ian Urquhart off his feet.

I think you should know the facts even though they do not make as good copy as fiction. Jack and his close associates sat in a group on top of oval seats mounted on a 35-degree slope. Ken Mooney, campaign manager, was crouched over a seat in front and Don Patterson of CTV was leaning over him both trying to hear the conversation. Reporter Norm Perry leaned over Patterson to shove his microphone close to Jack's face. Fortunately, Jack saw the microphone on Patterson's shoulder and tried to move away. Patterson, not wanting to crowd Mooney, stood up and Tang Perry off his back against the railing leaving him without.

Then after the final bulleting, Jack assisted in going to the platform to shake Joe Clark's hand. Flaring down us, he left thinking it unnecessary to stay for the speeches to follow. He proceeded out of the arena although the media chose to say that he stood out. He had asked not to be bothered by reporters but as we felt the

stage a young man, whom I now know was Ian Urquhart, made a move toward Jack I was walking behind and held my arm out to stop the reporter. Urquhart walked past my arm, hitting it with his shoulder.

Throughout the convention, I felt the press was rude, but no sense of decency and showed no respect for the candidates. If the convention had lasted any longer they could well have been run out of the arena by the delegates.

N. A. HORNBY, JUNCTION ALTA.

The eyes of the Post are everywhere

In *My New World, Dear Water And Where Does It Get Us?* (February 23) *Walter Stewart* says that the *Washington Post* has had "trouble keeping straight in Ottawa, because it couldn't pay enough," and that we display little or no interest in Canadian news and developments.

In fact, the *Washington Post* has had no trouble at all maintaining a string in Canada. For making of the *Post* longer and we also receive a large number of other contributions to our news columns from other Canadian sources. Nothing is ever satisfied with the rate at which he is paid, but our rates are competitive with those of other publications.

As for our interest in Canadian affairs, a close reading of the *Post* over recent years would show that, while we don't cover the ups and downs of debate in the House of Commons, we do give very substantial space to a wide range of Canadian news and developments. I believe that we do as well or better by Canada than any other American paper.

RONALD GUNTON, FOREIGN EDITOR
THE WASHINGTON POST
WASHINGTON, DC

Off and riding

Remotely Of The Middle Class Worker (February 23) was quite interesting and informative. However, I could not see point. The outdated seven discipline structure and the collapsing model referred to that earned more than 4,000 RCMP members to meet two years ago did not "sound to nothing." These meetings caused the various firms which grew the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Association which is very much alive and thriving in Ottawa. Admittedly, the growth of such an organization is slow but it is inevitable that as the foreseeable future our associations will represent the majority of the members.

GILLES BRYANT, 360 J. BARRY
RCMP ASSOCIATION, OTTAWA



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Trudeau, eight years later: very much the king, very little the philosopher

Column by Robert Lewis

When the Liberals inaugurated Pierre Trudeau in 1968, the new Prime Minister saw the beginning of "a new era" in Canada where politics will be a different kind of game. "Just how different has become clear in Trudeau's first eight years in office—a milestone on military spending cut the budget, followed by the election April 20 in large part, the new game is played by the rule, say one thing—do the other.

The "new society" was launched with a commitment to the "creative use of the law" and a system designed to preserve "the right of every one to do his own thing." As Trudeau put it, "In the absence of respect for the law we all stand naked and vulnerable."

Eight years later in the so-called "judges' affair" (most sincerely, the ministers' affair) Trudeau was exposed in an episode of dubious morality that was both creative and scripted to keep his mission doing their own thing—hanging in there. And why not? Trudeau shares a cabinet where 18 ministers share himself, including, here for an incredible time of 39 years. Two days after Trudeau's eighth anniversary in fact, Bud Derry, Michel B. Bessy and Allan MacEachern began their fourth month in office.

65 In a constitutional society it is not men, but institutions, that control us. The rulers are themselves subject to laws and they can punish authority only as far as the law allows.—Trudeau in *Vox*, a weekly journal of opinion, 1968 59

Eighteen years later, Trudeau defied the tenet that ought to govern parliamentarians when you do something improper, you leave. He did this by appointing judges to replace themselves as unelected just. When, predictably, the judges declined to do so, Trudeau stepped to a conclusion that was a cross between Thomas Aquinas and Jerry Rubin. "An illegitimacy is, I guess, by definition, at least to most states, so nothing which appears wrong. If it were illegal, it would be unimportant whether it appears right or wrong, it would call for resignation." But never an illegitimacy. (For proof of illegal behavior, the judges would have had to swear to their own liability as not reporting events when they happened.)

By saving Derry and setting the stage for Andre Boucher's return to office, Trudeau also avoided paying directly for his own failure in taking 15 days to find out what

Andre told him before he'd called the judges.

66 The [Liberal] party's strengths had to be found in acceptable stable members—Laurier, Lapointe, St. Laurent—and the famous damage taking in the back benches would be limited to defense.—Trudeau in the *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*, 1966 59

Some Liberal members "Plead, hear"—House of Commons, 1975, as Trudeau mounted his defense in the ministers' affairs.

67 I have never been able to accept any discipline except that which I imposed upon myself. I found it uncomfortable that others should claim to know better than I what was good for me.—Trudeau in *Pedagogues and The French Canadian*, 1967 59



Nine years later, just weeks after the judges' affair, Trudeau proposed a code of conduct for his ministers. It related to the hiring of two top former Trudeau government officials—the former deputy ministers of finance and industry, Simon Brissman and James Gendry, now Ottawa "consultants" to Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. In context to his retention during the ministers' affair, Trudeau was indirectly the reformer, concluding that he was "somewhat uneasy" about former ministers on the outside lobbying their former employers on the inside. "I would want to see that guidelines are promulgated." It may or may not be significant that Brissman and Gendry have been busy about Trudeau's dismantling of the old boy network in which they were leading old boys.

68 The practice of granting favors by way of political protection is contradictory to the body politic.—Trudeau in *Vox*, 1968 59

Eighteen years later the Liberals under Pierre Trudeau cut their own bread of protectionism. After 13 unscripted years of Liberalism in Ottawa has become a steady state for the party faithful. The distinction between our server and party duty is now blurred. The old faithful players are unscriptable. Defeated candidates become the legitimate bureaucrats become lobbyists, and servants become politicians. Trudeau's defense in many cases, is that people of ability earn their own rewards. But paralysis has overtaken major decisions making. Survival, as deep positions, is often all that matters.

69 We have never known tyranny a model in its legislative form, for the opinion of the public opinion—public opinion means people's opinion—has been every thing.—Trudeau in *Pedagogues and The French Canadian*, 1967 59

Nine years later the Trudeau government, which cut out to govern by objectives, is tyrannized by the opinion polls. After the last election, the Liberals threw away most of their election promises and began an elaborate exercise to establish new policy priorities. Liberals do not confuse election pledges with government programs. Having drawn up the list of plans, the Liberals snatched it after surveys showed that inflation and crime were the two hottest issues. Both packages came with an elaborate public relations campaign planned by a special committee of cabinet. The opposition had everything to do with the unhealthy obsession about what will over the television screen—and very little to do with doing the right thing because people might buy it.

In fairness, the 1980 election was the last words, even if they are eight years old.

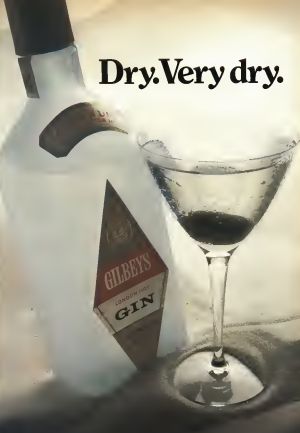
70 I am pragmatic, I expect, which does not mean that I do not have ethics. I do not feel myself bound by any doctrine or impulsive approaches to these problems.—From a speech in Winnipeg, 1968 59

Or 18 years old.

71 Political authority exists only as far as men want to obey. This is not a matter of divine right, natural law or social contract. The value of government derives not from the promises it makes, from what it counts on or from what it is regarded as holding, but from what it achieves in practice.—Trudeau in *Vox*, 1968 59

From what it does, in other words, not from what it says.

Dry. Very dry.





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Maclean's

Preview

History Night in Canada, courtesy of your friendly Esso dealer

"Hello, Canada! And history fans in the United States!" In person! (Silly as it may sound) to be elevated. Tuesday was suggested as a possible stop by the author of a recent 550-page report on the city—a treat headed by Claude Castongue. At the very least, the report said a "significant and objective analysis of the city's accounts is necessary. Montreals already pay among the highest municipal taxes in Canada—\$335 per property in 1974. The city's debt, even before the Olympics, is over \$700 a head. Major projects such as subway extensions have been shelved indefinitely. Already the Bourassa government has taken a sizable hand in Montreals affairs—besides retaining control of the games, Quebec City is running part of Montreals housing and social welfare operations—and further increases loom.



Murphy and Purdy always look in perfect form for the best... and now, for the post

side's largest of company will be 100 years old. The film, to be produced by Richard Morden and Pat Farn of Inter-Video Inc., will be written by such luminaries as Alice Munro, At Family and Guy Fawcett. Among directors signed up are Eric Falt and Jean-Claude Lord. A blue-ribbon panel of scholars has been assembled to ensure historical accuracy and the research will probably be recycled into a coffee-table book and a series of paperbacks. All in all, it's a serious step into the culture field by one of the country's most image-conscious corporations. Culture veterans may quick to note that Imperial was following the lead of U.S. & sister company, Exxon, which last year spent four million dollars on support of the arts and which has been called a modern-day Medici. Imperial's first film will feature the native peoples of Canada as they were before the first European came. It will be shot in British Columbia.

Well, it was fun while it lasted! *Après les jeux olympiques, le défilé? Pas-les.* Montreals's biggest problems go beyond the mammoth deficit the summer games will run up. Far beyond. Indeed, some critics of the troubled city believe the provincial government may have to take

over Montreals day-to-day affairs as a matter of the special of default it is. New York is to be elevated. Tuesday was suggested as a possible stop by the author of a recent 550-page report on the city—a treat headed by Claude Castongue. At the very least, the report said a "significant and objective analysis of the city's accounts is necessary. Montreals already pay among the highest municipal taxes in Canada—\$335 per property in 1974. The city's debt, even before the Olympics, is over \$700 a head. Major projects such as subway extensions have been shelved indefinitely. Already the Bourassa government has taken a sizable hand in Montreals affairs—besides retaining control of the games, Quebec City is running part of Montreals housing and social welfare operations—and further increases loom.

Le chef and other words: it's still unclear and the author says he'll never write another book because it's too much work, but a 1,607-page manuscript on the life of the late Maurice Duplessis has already caused



September something nice, for a change

a star in the publishing world. Toronto businessman Conrad Black (bookstore newspaper) had access to every letter ever written to or by the longtime Quebec premier and spent six years sifting through documents in his library of love. Both McCallum & Stewart and Macmillan are interested. Black says the book will be out this fall. "I expect it will cause a furore," he says, adding, "it is not unappreciated toward Duplessis."

What makes Sammy choose? As the Stanley Cup play-off begins and only hockey fans are keeping one eye on the



Pellock's star gear

same the coach, pack the players and probably even sell the program. Pellock says he has been awarded a free hand in making the team and for the first time players from both the NHL and the rocky WHA will represent Canada on one squad. Pellock's task won't be easy. All fans have favorites. But if Canada is to prevail over the Soviets, Czechs and Americans it can't afford sentiment in choosing its players.

Paved with good intentions: Imperial Ron's street became a dogged that the city finally banned wheeled vehicles during daylight. Things aren't that desperate in Vancouver yet, but the city is worried nonetheless. Roughly 40,000 cars are on the move in the downtown area during peak hours and two thirds of them carry only one person. Starting in July, with the help of a \$500,000 grant from the federal ministry of transport, Vancouver will attempt a computerized car pool experiment. Known as Project Fair Drive Traffic Volume, the program will sort out commuters according to where they live, where they work and when they travel. Drivers will be urged to share cars and car-pooling will promote staff car pools (and will adopt variable work hours). The objective: a modest 15% reduction in city traffic.



Canada

An eye for an eye? Or something else?

The letter to Tory MP Howard Griffiths was unambiguous and to the point: "Abolish capital punishment and I hope you and your loved ones are the victims of these nefarious letters you are protecting." That message from a Quebec voter last month and similar letters to other opponents of the death penalty left Canada's parliamentarians with no doubt about the intensity of a swing battle to the retention or repeal of the 1986, when seven in 10 Canadians favored execution for murder.

When the government introduced its abolition bill in March as part of a crime package, a non-official Liberal headcount indicated that the outcome is uncertain as pollsters find a slim split-vote margin in favor of the legislation. Government strategists are heavily predicting victory but the abolitionist cause could suffer further erosion during the 11-day Easter recess. That is when hard-core Tories will convene to rethink the position against the bill.

The debate is scheduled to start after Tory returns to Ottawa on April 28. The government hopes the vote will come before summer adjournment on late June, a month before three new elections are scheduled to begin for municipal, provincial and federal governments.

In the United States a similar capital punishment issue is unfolding. With 48 states sentenced to death the U.S. Supreme Court is expected to decide in June on a challenge to the court's 1972 decision that the death penalty is "cruel and unusual" punishment under the Eighth Amendment. Some court-watchers are expecting a reversal by "Reagan's Court" if only because of a series of recent rulings from the liberalization of the years under the now retired chief justice Earl Warren.

In both countries the harder line is a response to increased crime and heightened fear (see chart). More generally, as criminologist Louis Fatah of Simon Fraser University concludes in a recent study on Canadian attitudes to the death penalty, political considerations (Prime LePage and the Kennedy) and violence in both countries have contributed to "an increasing demand for harsher treatment and more severe penalties." Unlike the Americans, the Trudeau government is seeking to trade abolition for punishment. The measures on hanging provide for:

- Twenty-five years without parole for first-degree murder (killings that are planned, involve politicians or prison workers, or are committed during rape, kidnapping or hijacking). After 15 years a court can ask the court to review parole possibilities. This replaces the nine-month non-parole period of 10 to 20 years (the average is around 11 years) for death sentences now commuted to life terms.
- Ten years without parole for second-degree murder (for example, crimes of passion arising from house hold quarrels—the average is now 7.5 years). In both categories, temporary leave is prohibited until the last three years of a sentence.

Liberal MPs voting on the issue for the first time are discovering that even the toughest sentences do not placate many conservatives. Conservative MP Ed Levesley, who came to Ottawa as a "gun intensifier" in 1984, is feeling the inevitable peer pressure in a party with an abolitionist tradi-



South-core abolitionist Campaigner and a still-opponenting Laurie (left) and abolitionists Laurie and Griffiths (above and below) it all hinges on a handful of votes. Take your pick either way

tion. He is convincing his constituents that not just a simple vote as they wish but confidence "I don't believe it's strictly a conscience vote either." Toronto MP Alan Mann, who endorsed federalists to accept that the only way to protect law-and-order is a matter of murder by the state. But he adds, "I'm just not clear if the Canadian public is really in a look at another step." John Campaigne of Ontario, a former lawyer, has returned for murder of policemen and prison guards, and the uncomfortable with the notion of denying hope for rehabilitation through the harsh treatment sentences.

Even Prime Minister Trudeau has undergone a change since 1973, when he argued that hanging was not justified as a means for society to defend itself, now he views capital punishment as a practical judgment, "not one of conscience." He acknowledges that the death penalty is not abolished the government would be committing sentences either. "The possibility exists that the government will have to hang some people."

Despite the waffle, abolition is not gathering as much steam on Parliament Hill these days as another part of the government's "peace and security" package—the proposal to license both gun owners and vendors.

The scheme is a response to broad popular support for control and slanting statistics that indicate a 30% increase in gun deaths over 1970, most of them attributed to crime. In 1974 of the 1,657 firearm deaths 122 were accidents and 1,031 were suicides, with both types accounting for 35% of the gun deaths. In an attempt to limit the proliferation of guns, the government will require owners and ammunition buyers 18 years and over to obtain a federal firearms license and pass a fitness test (applicant would need two firearms). Dealers would also need a permit. Men over 16 can get a special permit to shoot only under supervision.

Not since the inflation pay-rise issue have MPs received so much mail, most of it critical of the control bill. Some of it is highly organized from anti-gun groups. Among opponents are the National Wildlife Federation, whose spokesman is former senior Commissioner Leonard Nicholson. He argues that "you just can't legislate accidents out of the way easily." Instead of a new federal bureaucracy, Nicholson says, guns that existing provincial licensing license facilities be expanded and that, in conjunction with gun clubs, conspiracy not be administered in the use of firearms. The more ardent Firearms for Responsible Ownership (FARO) wanted in

one newsletter "Face It Fellow Firearms Enthusiasts: It's Time To Quit Making Quandles. They Want Your Guns!"

Some Tories have picked up that theme in the Commons. Edmund's William Skuseyko urged: "If you doubt the popularity as was done in Hitler's time — you leave the people at the mercy of unscrupulous politicians. Any 'confusion' of your leader controls, he went on, 'would leave our society defenceless' and would be 'a constant doctrine'."

What some of the rhetoric sounded like to the American National Rifle Association was that the fact that Canada has its own gun laws—an estimated one million, with about 10 million firearms.

The official Progressive Conservative position is close to what was maintained by Liberal and independent about the administration of the program. They, and many rural Liberals, are seeking changes in the law and are likely to get them when the bill emerges from details of crime and study starting later this month.

If the Tories get the change they want they will vote for the bill, which will prevent a split between rural members who oppose the bill and others mainly urban areas who feel that something has to be done even if the change is imperfect.

Prime Minister Kim Beaudry and Senator General Warren Allmand will not second the basic principle of the bill. But they are prepared to make changes demanded by the opposition among them: use of provincial agencies to administer gun-concealment laws, and less stringent requirements for gun owners in the north, which is a problem for isolated native communities. In the end, however, the government will maintain a firm position, perhaps by one of its slogans as gun control: "If there weren't so many guns there would not be so many homicides." ROBERT BROWN

The right to bear arms
Robert Maclean has been playing with guns—real guns—since he was 10 years old. He now devotes most of his time and money to his hobby. Last year, he shot



Club handgunners: loaded, aimed and aimed

Murders in Canada, 1984 and 1974





Bibb's life shooting; you never knew...

nurse officer and founder of the Teeswater Hunt and Rifle Club in Calgary, he lived and fired 3,179 rounds in approximately 15 cents a cartridge. He owns four target pistols, each carrying \$750 (two \$300 rifles, a \$300 shotgun and \$2,000 worth of loading equipment and accessories. "But I don't love guns," he harrumphs to explain. "I don't fondle them, can't even touch them. They're no extension of my person. That's just a lot of nonsense."

Not surprisingly, Macmillan is one of those fighting federal legislation that would put stricter controls on gun ownership. Complicates Macmillan: "The legislation has some excellent points but they've gone overboard. Parts of it are aimed purely at the sports shooter. The increasingly vocal gun lobby is powerful. Canadian ones between \$125 million and \$150 million worth of handguns alone. Another few million dollars is spent annually on accessories such as holsters and car-ridge bags. They collect everything from antiques to modern big-game rifles or simply cartridges. Some belong to black-powder clubs, which load old-style powder into replicas of antique guns. Handgun types divide into Olympic-style target shooters, combat shooters, who train for kill strikes on a human silhouette, and "plinkers," happy to hit a target."

One fear without under the legislation the government may be able to confiscate without recompense various collectors' items like \$25,000 Wilde Pup vintage coach gun (sawed-off like all such guns) and an original steel Gatling gun valued at \$30,000. William Gibson Robinson, a 33-year member of the Alberta Arms and Cartridge Collectors' Association, regards his collection with deadliness and a dog. "Regulating guns is a waste of time," he says. "The crooks buy all the guns they want from an underground that steals them." His advice: "Stiffer the penalties

[for gun shows] and register the people, not the guns."

The gun lobby, usually perceived to be law-and-order types, is in the vanguard of opposition to the legislation because it may be abused by a totalitarian government, says Macmillan. "I could get five years in jail, not just for having a 22-calibre gun but for having any part of the powder, the propellant, the ram. I could get five years for having a firecracker because they've got black powder in them." Taking the legislation to its extreme, Macmillan can see the government confiscating perfectly harmless equipment. A paper could be a potential bomb. An antenna could be fashioned into a 22-barrel. "If we came under an oppressive government, they could use this legislation to prevent anyone they wanted for anything they wanted," he warns.

The gun lobbyists haven't been successful in getting the government to put in a clause that would force prospective gun buyers to take a competency test but they are making progress in miffing the Liberal elite. By announcing their apolitical intent, 300 gun-club members became card-carrying liberals in a two-week drive before Dr. Alberts Liberal Party announced its platform. That could have more than 1,000. And while Alberta collectors gear up for an Easter gun show with guests from across Canada and the United States, Sir Eldon Woolman (pc) is carrying their heads to the floor of the House of Commons under the banner, "Cancel the gun show either side the wall."

The policeman-as-lobbyist

They are experts at pounding thighbone doors and even the occasional head. Now Canada's 60,000 police are learning how to pound on parliament's doors. Increasingly organized and affluent, the police have become highly skilled lobbyists, pushing the law-and-order cause. They are driven by their own anxiety that they

know what is best for the country and that their views have broad support among a public fed up with crime, criminals and legal muckpoking. The police campaign developed against the abolition of capital punishment is a good illustration of just how sophisticated the men and women in blue have become as far as political games go.

The basic strategy was wisely chosen: at the start of a meeting last month in Montreal's Dorval Hilton, 100 representatives of various police associations across the country had gathered for a one-day session. The subject was hanging. The concern was that Parliament would abolish it although the police firmly believe that most Canadians want it restored. The result was a telegram full of all men who were asked to put their views on the record. The intention is to publicize the extent and views of the abolitionists in Parliament so that reluctant voters can bring pressure to bear. It may not be viable, in the manner of lobbyists for multinational corporations, but could be effective. "It looks like it will be a very close division [in Parliament]," commented Marilyn Cameron,



Albansons: somebody get a rope

president of the Canadian Police Association. "The police didn't vote among majority of Canadians want capital punishment kept and we hope politicians will consider very carefully before going against the wishes of their constituents."

"Virtually every cop in the country is a firm believer in the death penalty for premeditated murder. Not just any because of any bloodlust on their part but because they doubt that anything else will deter the violent professional criminal. I'm in favor of retention," says Joe Ross, executive director of the Police Association of Nova Scotia. "But I'm not a barbarian or a neo-Nazi, like I'm a family man with eight kids." Cameron believes there "probably is a more humane way of administering capital punishment than the noose. Giving a chap a noose on the ion would be a

'Better dead,' the killer said. 'Much,' the widow agreed

For 35-year-old Theresa Allaire, the debate on capital punishment becomes a personal and particular matter. A caregiver with white-powder hands and faded blue eyes, he is serving a life sentence for killing Robert Cady, a young armed-snack guard, on an Ottawa highway in 1970. 20 years ago the killing would have meant almost certain death on the gallows for Allaire. But as the law now stands, he could be free to go on parole in three years after serving a decade in prison. Since federal legislation may move hanging largely thirty-two-year-old Judy Cady left alone to care for three small children, without any thought of their happiness. "With every member I think there is something odd," she says simply. "Capital punishment is the only thing that will stop them from doing anything stupid."

In a very grey cubicle inside McMillan's prison security prison, Allaire doesn't offer any excuses. Killing is the worst thing

he remembers the beatings and drinking and the fact his father was intimate with his name. His younger sister was raped by a bomber when she was nine and his older sister married young, just to get away. In 1944, Quebec, where he grew up, he felt in with Quebec companies in "moon" but soon became the moon hanging criminal. At 20, when he stole his first car, he was suddenly named into a police car. He was twice caught mid-headed while trying to rob a convenience store. Once when he was trying to steal a stolen car collection, he accepted the dealer's invitation to return in the afternoon, only to find the police waiting for him. By 1968 he had spent eight years in prison. "When parole arrived I never applied. I had no job, no place to go. I didn't want to go out and just come back. I was when he was let out the last time from Kingston Penitentiary, he added up the grey ingots of his life and figured: "The world owes me something."

trial & Domestic Protection Co., who came for the Cady's insurance. At 3 p.m. on December 12, Allaire, who was covered by a homicide, pushed a gun into a guard's neck and shouted in his agonized wail. The gas had. Although it was barely audible in the din of Christmas shopping, people turned to look at Allaire. "I didn't plan it. The complete griped the fellow bags containing \$30,000, and they both ran. The expense of keeping underdogged in Montreal forced Allaire into a bank robbery with four others in April, but he was arrested shortly thereafter. I didn't plan these things to kill anybody," Allaire said. "I wasn't made for violence."

Allaire's reason through the prison system is common for the habitual criminal. At first, he says, he had only his liberty to lose and that wasn't much. But he feared himself becoming more aggressive as time passed and planning his next crime even before parole came around.

The prison system offered little incentive for change. "It's just a worst-case hell. They put someone here and forget him," he says. Twenty years ago Allaire decided that change had to come from within, and he started his slow return to society. He began to work regularly at his mother's and had served several thousand dollars. Allaire says he could never have changed without the hope of eventual release. The law now before Parliament, which would replace the death penalty with a minimum 25-year sentence for capital murder, is "impossible," he says. "If a guy does 25 years, he'll be everywhere. If you tell me to do that or take the rope, I'd take the rope. It's not the law that most change, it's the system."

Judy Cady never remarried. When her husband died, she got a \$50,000 life insurance policy and \$1,374, plus legal and medical expenses, from the Ontario Criminal Injuries Compensation Board. "But no amount of money can bring his body back," she says. "I'm still alone. You don't find me like that again. She is afraid now, too. Allaire to read her kids to school alone because of all the "crazy" and. "Afraid the mother will be given a new life while her husband's was robbed forever. She doesn't want to know what kind of a man Allaire is, or anything else about him. "He can tell us more in his life. I'm concerned. It's his eye for an eye."

ANGELA STEWART



Allaire given a choice between 25 years and the rope, he'd take the rope

man could be happy. But there's always another side to every story, and he tells it just for the record. From the beginning, Theresa Allaire was one of son's lovers. When he was seven, his mother left home and he ended his two years with a typed list of obligations until an aunt took them in

very easy way to do it." But more or less a gun chamber or gunshots. The police was Canada to keep the situation different. They do not like Ottawa's conservative. That capital offences carry a mandatory 25-year jail term, albeit with the possibility of a judicial review after 15 years. Harold Adamson, Metro Toronto's vice-president and president of the Canadian Association of Police, is miffed that the death penalty has been misinterpreted as being in favor

of the 25-year sentence. "Mr. [Solomon General Warden] Allaire and others have been misquoting us," Adamson says. "We do not say we support the 25-year proposal. We want the death penalty kept. What we are saying is that if Parliament is not collective wisdom abandons the death penalty we would be satisfied with the 25 years, provided it was 25 years firm. No judicial review after 15 years." According to Adamson, the 15-year review would mean some prisoners would be released a year

later. "The public won't stand for these people being let back on the streets."

The politician-as-lobbyist is a relatively new development in Canada's made necessary, the new federal political and recent judges who are too quick with bad and too slow with good. Says Nova Scotia's Ross: "It used to be that crook-and-blee police let it go. Politicians and the chiefs to make it up. But they've been with the law. They've been with the law to stop it." The vehicle for non-kill-

indefinite is the police association—a post-war phenomenon that gives police a labor union in everything but name. The Canadian Police Association, headed by Cameron in 26-year veteran of the Ottawa municipal force, is an umbrella group representing about every officer in the country, except for the 15,000-strong RCMP and the Quebec provincial force. The CPA, and its member associations are not paid. The national average pay for a first-class constable in 1975 was \$10,000, the middle tier was \$8,000. In other words, the police associations have a combined budget of perhaps eight million dollars a year—with what to finance collective bargaining, staff salaries, legal fees, association premiums and political campaigns like the recent loss of a capital parliament.

With their higher salaries (10 years ago the average constable earned \$17,000), their improved status in crime-control committees and their powerful contacts (they helped force a review of the controversial Red Robbery Act), the police in Canada seem to have everything what used to be a chronic malady. If they was their chief complaint, the policeman's lot will be happy ever after. **ROBERT WALKER**

OTTAWA

The sweet smell of failure

In January, 1971, Manitoba's new government assumed control of Churchill Pulp Industries Ltd., and put it in receivership. Everyone had had enough. The sweet-odour of previous Tory governments, CPA was



Hepper everyone deserves another shot

supposed to bring to the northern town of The Pas an integrated forest industry. Manitoba had to industrialize the project to the tune of \$92.4 million. Involved with CPA from the beginning was the British-based consulting firm of Arthur D. Little. The company was, in effect, the cost overruns of the project. And again, it did a very good job. In 1974, a provincial royal commission found that ADL had been negligent and downright incompetent in managing the project's financial affairs, in CPA. Now ADL has been up again,

What's Your Beef?

You have 50 calves each weighing 19 pounds and face the problem of fattening them for market. How you oil the cow and pick up on calf. If it's the five of hearts, again. Should calves be vaccinated for blackleg before or after weaning? Before or the correct answer. But you're just landed on square one, where it's almost 40 degrees, and the costs you don't expect. Next phase please.

Players in the Great Grasslands Game are not the only ones standing to get their cards to market fast and healthy—and fast. The Manitoba Department of Agriculture has demanded the game last March to lose its farmers' own learning-based cattle raising techniques which could result in lower beef prices. The former player stands around a monopoly-style board surrounded by thousands of questions. "Which is the best antibiotic treatment against penicillin, streptomycin or ampicillin?" and handling the weeds of change by looking in a square that sometimes, "Four (pullets) could look three spaces." The winner is the player finishing with the highest market value by his herd.

Only 600 of the province's 16,000 cattle farms belong to Grasslands Sciences which are dedicated to better cultivation of



grass for cattle feed. Most just put their cards out to pasture, which results in lower quality, more expensive beef. The government hopes the game, which cost \$1.65 each to produce, will eventually improve the cultivation of grass, reducing the acreage needed to fatten a cow (one acre of grassland compared with five acres for the overgrazed pasture) while increasing the quality of beef.

To disburse former Keith Blair, the game is at least an improvement over his choice that "you either throw out or read while the television is on. Either way you don't learn from them." **RENEE WOLKOFF**

found its main market the sulphate feed additive at Kennedy International Airport in New York, marketed to it by processors in U.S. dollars designed to bring down the surplus capacity of American refineries. Other plants in the Caribbean cut back their capacity. But the Southern plant was too plagued with a history of overpriced tanker contracts and commitments for its expensive Permian Gulf oil to stay in operation. It tried to break into Manitoba and St. Lawrence energy markets in Canada by selling at a loss to independent dealers. The debts piled up to a dizzying \$50 million in 1960. Finally, On March 12, the Newfoundland Supreme Court ordered the company by declaring the company bankrupt.

While acquisition of the refinery by Petro-Can may be seen as the last of its kind, it could wind up the benefits of the corporation eventually. Petro-Can is not now taking over Atlantic Refining Canada Ltd., but is studying the prospects and, at the same time, in strategy as an exploration program on the coast. Either way, one company will profit from the bankruptcy of Corbe by Chance—Chabon Arthur D. Little. **JOHN HENRI**

MONTRÉAL

The Great Truck Robbery

Glenn Lachapelle, a driver for Brink's armored-car service, had served in the Korean War. Now parked in an alley in the heart of Montreal's financial district, he remembered what he had done during the war.

chance his gas was during in cold so. The gun, a 30-caliber Browning antitank gun with armor-piercing bullets, was mounted on a tripod in the front of a small van stopped in front of the Brink's truck. When the steady, jeweled truck driver told him "Don't be a dummy, open the door," Lachapelle didn't hesitate. He opened his door. Some 20 minutes later, Lachapelle was handcuffed to his driver's seat and the men had disappeared with \$2.8 million in small bills and Olympic coins. It was the largest cash robbery in North American history.

In a city known for its shooting-sports truck business, the Brink's holdup stood out for its professional precision. There was no violence, no shouting, and the operation was carried off with military precision. Within hours, the members of the Montreal holdup squad were aware that they had almost nothing to go on. Descriptions were vague. There were no fingerprints of any use. The 24-person Montreal gas seemed to be untraceable. "So far every thing we check out turns up negative," said Detective Lieutenant Ben-Louis Hilde of the department's Criminal Investigation Bureau. "We're assuming against the current."

An hour after the hijacking, Brink's posted a \$25,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the thieves. The Commercial Union Assurance Company, which insures Brink's

owned the day before with stolen papers. The whole episode was so convincing that the machine gun had been stolen a month previously in suburban Ville d'Anjou. The aluminum used track to which the money was transferred from the captain's Brink's truck on nearby No. 104 had simply vanished.

Attention centered on the machine gun. A check with the Canadian Armed Forces, the U.S. Armed Forces, the FBI and the RCMP failed to find any weapons matching that description, either missing or stolen. Said Hilde, "We have checked there are three like the stolen gun. We were able to trace one of them here in Montreal, the other two are out of the province if they exist at all." Incidentally, three days after the robbery, police discovered the gun had been assembled improperly and could not be fired. Police speculated that the gun had been smuggled into Canada by plane in regular truck shipments and had been assembled before the robbery.

Police also cleared their attention on known bandits in Montreal capable of carrying out such a robbery. The fact that the holding men spoke English—as was was described as a New Brunswick accent—didn't mean the bandits were imported. "We have several groups here who could pull off a job like this," said Hilde. "There are about five or six gangs with over 100 members who have the experience to do something like this. Some are in jail, others

are out, and it is probably coincidental that this episode of the television series *The Rock* shows three weeks before the Montreal robbery performed two handouts using an anti-tank machine gun on an armored car.

The robbery, which captured headlines around the world, surpassed the 1950 holdup of a Brink's warehouse in Boston, Massachusetts, in which \$12 million in cash and \$1.5 million in cheques was stolen. The Montreal robbery was a year in the making. It was a carefully planned, short-term before the statute of limitations, which would have nullified the case, came into effect. Unlike the United States, Canada has no statute of limitations for the crime of robbery. The Montreal Bankers' Association has protested no matter what they are offered. **STEVE WOLKOFF**

OTTAWA

Looking in the translation

In his bid to get out of the Pierre Trudeau. First he had to ensure a favor over his proclamation of the demand of the free market system. This was followed in quick succession by criticism of his efforts to "middle up" to Canada, as John D. Gaskin put it, a publicist for the Quebec Premier Robert Bourque. Then, the constant, and multifaceted, of his own reasoning and questioning of his judgment as the "Judge of the Year." Then, at the end of last month, Keith Spence was appointed in 1970 as Canada's first Commissioner of Official Languages, but with his finding that the government's bilingual policy—the program more closely identified with Trudeau than any other—was not working, he was sent to bring, always with a secret report. Spence said it was time to try to bring 40-year-old civil servants to speak French and to assist teaching our children the "other official language" in the schools.

Spence calls this his "tough option." It was a new idea. Many others have advocated it, including Independent MP Leo-Jones, the Minister of government language policies whose name is on the report. But Spence, a Conservative leader Robert Starnes, then in charge of the party. What makes Spence's report significant is that Spence, a former political science professor who is himself bilingual (the idea is to get him to speak French as well from his new director French wife, his long been a tireless defender of government language policies. But he adds that the government must now move in different directions, and he mentions an impressive array of statistics to prove his point. Is a survey of government language policy in the past 10 years, only 47% of the anglophones were found to use their newly learned French—signed at taxpayers' expense at an average cost of \$9.50 per student—more than 20% of the time on the job. Spence feels the government has got off



Realistic expert Jean Guy Lalonde and the truck-wagon no philosophy like that

added \$100,000 for the recovery of the money in the first week after the robbery, a 12-minute test of detectives questioned 15 people. More than 200 calls came into headquarters from people hoping to catch the reward. Keith said he had to be checked out. Police began an intensive investigation into the three trucks used by the holdup men. The first, a grey half-ton, standard transmission truck which pulled in behind the Brink's vehicle, had been

used and driven down south on highway. We have to check who was around when the holdup occurred and find out what they were doing. There is a lot of things to be done and considering all that, I think we are doing okay." To eliminate suspicion of inside help in the robbery, a polygraph test was administered to driver Lachapelle. Brink's guard Johnny St. Pierre, and the two managers, William Grant and Joseph Dumas. The tests were

"the 'flood' trend" of educating civil servants in basic French and turn that job over to the schools. Then, says Spitzer, the federal government could continue to offer training to its employees, but this training would be highly specialized and job-related. He stresses gradually phasing out

Instead, Spitzer's report raises many other issues. For example, what becomes of people already outside the school system who decide some time after 1986 that they want to join the civil service? (Spitzer suggests giving these newcomers, such as a \$1,000 bonus from the government, to learn French on their own.) But despite the questions, Spitzer's youth option has about as an inescapable common sense that should appeal to the average Canadian. "Pushing the language priority on one child alone instead of six public servants would surely be a nice little democratic admission that the people are not always wrong," he says. "And perhaps a reminder to a child who felt lost during the emperor's new clothes."

JANIS KILPATRICK

Did somebody say "Sky Ships"?

For several weeks, rumors had been circulating around Ottawa that the so-called "Sky Ships" offer was about to be scrapped with a vengeance. Finally, just before the House of Commons' traditional Easter break, new charges began to surface that could threaten the position of Industry Minister Don Jamieson and Environment Minister Jean Marchand as well as their former aides.

The charges, somewhat obliquely in the Commons by Oliver MacKay (PC—Central Nova), the air who made public the Sky Ships affair last fall, centered on correspondence between Jamieson, Marchand's executive assistant when he was minister of Regional Economic Expansion from 1976 to 1979, and Andrew Chaswood, Jamieson's executive assistant when he was minister of transport during the same period.

An air mail report on the matter has been in the hands of the personal prosecutor's office in Montreal for several weeks waiting in decision to go or not. Although the report is of course secret, according to re-

veal the following sequence of events.

In October, 1971, a senior political fixer visited Marchand's office. This was followed on October 26 by a handwritten note from Carment to Chaswood in Jamieson's office, suggesting the removal of Sky Ships from the ministry of transport to run a duty-free shop in Montreal's Dorval airport. On November 23, 1971, Chaswood reportedly wrote William Hook in the air transport division of the ministry, with a carbon copy to Gerry Steiner, the deputy minister. On May 1, 1972, Chaswood wrote Carment, reporting on progress. On June 9, 1972, Senator Louis G. de Guevara, a Liberal bagman in Quebec, received 5,000 shares in Sky Ships for \$1 each. On August 29, 1972, the cabinet confirmed approval of the Sky Ships lease. And on November 14, 1972, Giguere sold his Sky Ships shares for \$20 each.

Jamieson said to the Commons that he had "no personal knowledge" of the exchange of correspondence. Marchand made similar remarks outside the Commons. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau said he had talked to Marchand and Jamieson about Sky Ships and was "satisfied" that neither knew of any wrongdoing in their departments or on the part of their staff.

But the question remained whether if Carment and Chaswood are accused of illegal or improper activity, Marchand and Jamieson should be held responsible even though a happened behind their backs. Said Trudeau, "I don't think a minister should be held responsible for every detail in his department." But MacKay says that ministers are aware of the activities of ministerial bureaucracy in Canada. He believes the two ministers may be guilty of "crimes of omission rather than commission." The whole matter should become clear after Easter, when the case is expected to go to court.

JANIS KILPATRICK



Spitzer did drop don't leave now backs

the current government language-training program with 1986 as a target date for winding it up. At that time the government could begin to lay applications to senior positions in the civil service that it would be best—at even mandatory—to speak both languages. To help the provinces upgrade language training in the schools, Spitzer suggests turning over to them the money saved from scrapping the government language-training program. It is impossible to say how much that is. Because the government will not release any figures, but \$90 million to \$100 million a year would be a good guess. That would be on top of the \$130 million a year the provinces already get from Ottawa for language training.

Spitzer's report was not warmly received by the government. Said Trudeau who said he had not read the report: "Even if they [the schools] did begin tomorrow, I'm saying that, all right, take a kid going into school age 5, he'll be a deputy minister probably around 45. I don't think that we can wait 40 years to tell Quebec 'Cool off, fellow. In 40 years you'll be able to talk to French to your government in Ottawa.' If you're going to listen to Mr. Spitzer and cut out your efforts, costly and inefficient as they may be, we may save a lot of money but I'm not sure we'd save the country."

Reactions of the bureaucracy were typical: an interdepartmental task force has been set up to study the Spitzer report along with an equally critical report on the government language school by Gilles Bédard, a University of Montreal professor. The task force has no deadline, which means the Spitzer report may end up being shelved. Says one senior government official, "turning up the heat of the report 'It's just a little nuisance'."



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Till divorce do us part

In the past 10 years the divorce rate in Canada quirked, and the trend continues. Is marriage dying? What are the alternatives?

By Paul Nowack

"She changed completely from the woman I knew when we were married. Then she started about everything I did on the job and on the house. I used to help her with the kids and we made plans together to build a cottage and were for the best. Suddenly she wanted to go to work again. She said she was bored and lonely and wanted a career. I had the feeling she resented me, our marriage, and even the two boys. I started to go out after work, and we had some terrible rows. We brokened comradely. I'm bitter about the divorce, but I put up with her for a long time."

"Twenty-five, 15 sales manager."
"We were good at first and resented the fact that I had the right to become more than just a maid and a mother. He was always putting me down at home—on the job I got my confidence back. When I went out to work he began to drink heavily. He started coming home drunk and began to push me around physically. I don't want him to see the children again because I don't trust him with them alone. I'll never be a mom now, my life has been ruined." —May 8, 1985, art omitted

Later, their confidantes shed some of the stress of the divorce. "He asked me, 'She had to go.' He was drunk and he hit me. I was hit. We have lived apart." Two blacked-out lawyers criticize the wretched ritual of divorce. Above them, directly below the captioned call of arms of Canada, in the judge, his expression is neutral, his eyes open, looking periodically to the law books, then back to the witness. Occasionally he asks a question, and when he speaks the sound of his voice fills the courtroom. The witnesses continue, an embarking of lawyers (and a resident to contrast the first story) that set another divorce scene should be added.

This divorce is taking place in the Supreme Court of Ontario, but it could easily be any courtroom in the land. In 1974 about 90,000 Canadians were involved in similar cases. Twenty-two of 100 in prison and open shifts. Many women and pointed out who knew of backyard pools, boat yards and double garages. Elegant mansions, mothers of reform, fathers of neo-gothic, modernism, rebellion from traditionalism. Thousands of professors, owners, lawyers, their case

from every stratum of Canadian society, wounded and disillusioned, to forsake the end of their marriages. Their cases were unique in their recent ones were, and yet they have much in common. According to a Social Management Rating Scale published by the Journal of Psychosomatic Research, spouses involved in divorce proceedings exhibit the second-highest stress rate in modern society, even greater than being sentenced to a jail term and far greater than the shock of the death of a close family member.

But for most people the pain and decision of divorce seems preferable to the agony of a dead marriage. It certainly isn't a disaster. In 1974, a record 45,019 marriages ended in Canada's courts, an increase of 20.4% over the previous year, and five times the number of a decade earlier. In Ontario, where 15,277 couples ended their marriages, the divorce rate rose by 8.6% in 1974 to 11.8%. In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland rates rose 25%. In British Columbia, more divorces were granted in 1974 than were granted in the whole of Canada 12 years earlier. Even in Quebec, where the church still has considerable influence in social affairs, 12,272 couples reported their marriage ended, ending the divorce rate up 50%. The statistics contained some surprises too about who gets involved in divorce. The conventional view is that single, in the first of the rest of the year, but in 1974 10% of the 45,019 couples involved in divorce were under 25, whereas more than 36% of divorces involved a male spouse over 50 years. From 1960 to 1974, divorce among people over 40 rose by 40%. The average age of divorcing partners in 1974 was 34 for men and 32 for women. With their life-span increasing, many couples apparently use their forties and fifties as a time to begin all over again—with somebody else. But more young marriages are ending in divorce. In 1973, for example, 10% of divorces occurred between the fifth and sixth anniversary, and the average length of doomed marriages has shrunk to 11.5 years, the lowest in the nation's history. But when all the data are compared, the simple fact was the most startling at the current rate: one out of every four marriages ends in divorce. Some social scientists predict that by the year 1980

the ratio will drop even further. Everywhere the question is the same: Can traditional marriage work in today's society? Or is it a one-way state-stamped ticket to boredom, resentment and finally open hostility? Some social scientists claim that just as attitudes are changing about the value of labor and leisure, so too the concept of love and marriage is undergoing reevaluation. "I don't see those rising divorce rates as a catastrophe," says Dr. Frank Sennet, a Toronto psychiatrist. "It's overdue. People are trying to live life as it is, to grow as individuals. They are awakening to their own human potential. They want more out of life than food and shelter." Other social scientists contend that current divorce statistics reflect a misinterpretation. "The latest statistics," argues Dr. Benjamin Schlesinger, professor of social work at the University of Toronto, "are totally misleading if examined not of context. The most quoted rate, that one in four marriages will end in divorce, should be reexamined as only a measurement of the number of divorces granted in one year compared to the number of marriages performed in the same year. What about the hundreds of thousands of Canadian marriages from other years that are surviving and are still intact? In fact, only about 1% of all marriages go through divorce every year. Marriages do seem to last."

Perhaps so, but according to recent estimates one in every six marriages in Canada has had a partner involved in divorce, and while the effect of divorce on the latter family and to social is sociological question mark, people are becoming increasingly critical of holy matrimony. In many cases, even divorce releases are paid into the mythology of marriage for reform, and, frequently they become helpful players in the tragedy. In countless ways parents, brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles help ease the burden and smooth the way for one-parent families and often they become religious in their efforts to help the children who now account for 10% of the population under 18 years of age in Canada. It is undeniable, then, that the subject of marriage, divorce and in a larger context the broken family has begun to focus into the national consciousness as never before. Federal, provincial and municipal governments are conducting enquiries into the le-



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Comic
Syndicate

get and social aspects of family life. Looking at how to begin, conduct and survive divorce are becoming as popular as sex manuals. There are now divorce greeting cards and some feminist, lawyers and legal aid organizations are offering divorce assistance. Organizations such as Parents Without Partners host a membership of 1,800 in 50 chapters across Canada. A host of new support courses have been launched, offering counsel and companionship to anyone who is going through divorce. Vancouver's two such courses—"Divorce Lifeline," sponsored by a church group, and "Un-Coupling," run by the Family Services of Greater Vancouver—are so popular they have been forced to open waiting spaces so fast, that meetings unavailable in Montreal, where an average of 50 persons for divorce are filed each day, there are at least 25 courses on marriage and divorce training simultaneously in Toronto, sociologist Peter Kivimaa, sociologist at a "Divorce Women's" course at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute two years ago, and notes the province no less than 12 such courses have sprung up at community colleges and unions. "It's frightening," says United Church Minister Jim Strickland of Vancouver. "People are flocking to any place where they can get help. Any counseling courses I have ever held or I have known about are full."

The growing popularity of divorce courses confirms another fact: there is now almost no social stigma attached to the failure of one people to live up to the view "till death do us part." Twenty-five years ago it was different, couples married enough to sack a formal divorce office, sought the comforting anonymity of some distant locale to do so. In fact, now, as we often underestimate the fear of scorn and scandal seems to be a deterrent to divorce. University of Manitoba sociologist G. N. Kenna says recent studies show the incidence of divorce in small towns is much lower than the national rate mainly because the individual in the small community will hold himself accountable to his peers. In the larger cities it is different. Says Lillian Munnich, chief social worker at Toronto's Clarke Institute. "In fact, some people view divorce as the best means of achievement of personal growth and the attainment of selfhood. This approach merely confirms societal attitudes which say is ethical. It's okay to be divorced."

When asked the vocational ideal that marriage was a lifelong union of total intimacy that no one shall put aside? Many sociologists believe that profound changes have quietly reshaped the old rules and expectations. Most Canadians have developed a new relationship, marriage included. This new ethic, they say, is the product of a society that is first, essentially transient, second, governed by a three-way equality, and third, celebrates change. It is a society in which 25% of Canada are over 65 and more every year, in which the average length of time a

headmaster spends on one job doing one kind of work is currently less than 43 years. "Commitments and loyalties to friends, employers and spouses are constantly being reassessed in this milieu," says Dr. Wilfred Dillman, marriage counselor and senior psychologist-consultant to the staff development branch of the federal government. "As a result people are no longer prepared to be bound by their past. They are no longer felt obligated. Now they are making rational questions that have great bearing on their marriages like, 'Is this all there is to life? Is this all I want to be?' As individuals we have become pro-

SOME PEOPLE NOW SEE DIVORCE ALMOST AS A NATURAL RESULT OF PERSONAL GROWTH



marily concerned with one's personal growth and we are no longer saying, 'You are this person to promote the health and well being of someone else' even if that other person is our spouse."

A host of other social changes are undermining the concept of traditional marriage. The rise of women's lib, the sexual freedom of the Seventies, the virtual disappearance of neighborhood life, the breakdown of the larger family unit. As sociologist W. D. Sennett, professor of psychology at York University in Toronto, "All of these developments have conspired to isolate marriage from the other loosely connected links of modern life. Years ago marriage brought the spouses into meaningful contact with the larger family unit. Uncles, aunts and grandparents were part of a protective and productive unity. There were neighborhoods and identifiable places where the family gathered. There were meaningful models of marriage we could look to and emulate. Now very few of us have a feeling of belonging to a large family unit, of sharing family secrets. How many of us can say our cousins, even our brothers and sisters, know who we are, what we really do in our jobs or what we really care about?" Sennett

from traditional family ties, operating in what one marriage counselor calls "self-developed orbits of solitaires," many married people seek an illusory sense of renewed independence—a desire to recapture lost youth. Says Sennett, "Today most people want to be individuals. They don't want to be tied to their spouses' perceptions of how they should spend their free time, how they should relate with members of the opposite sex, or even how they should treat each other. But you can't be totally emancipated, whatever that means, and still pretend to be a cooperative partner in a traditional marriage."

Most Canadian churches would substitute the word "self-designed" for the word "emancipated," although even in the Roman Catholic Church, which does not sanction divorce or remarriage, many clergy, such as Father Paul Lenoir of Toronto's Catholic Information Centre, are offering highly popular counseling courses for separated spouses. The divorce rate among Catholics is fast approaching the national norm, and Catholic counsellors are beginning to admit that there are valid reasons for divorce—and remarriage. Like some other Catholic clergy, Father Lenoir is advising couples waiting to marry not to have a civil ceremony, which he will then seal with a Mass and Holy Communion. "If I'm convinced they are doing the right thing," According to psychological feminist, the rate of loneliness may be problematic in another sense. As divorce, he says, we either learned or instinctively came to rely on a totally benevolent and supportive personalized God, "who sympathized with our needs and understood our desires at all times. As adults no longer involved in religious or communal to God, in any way, there is a tendency to caricaturedly look to their spouse in a stereotyped godlike figure who should not have selfish desires, abundant appetites, had his or her deterring qualities. These people instinctively expect their spouses to be continuously supportive and sympathetic. No one can live up to that kind of image."

Other psychologists characterize this phenomenon as the rising tide of expectations, the most serious and dangerous consequence of marriage. It assumes that somehow both spouses will continue to seek out the same objectives in life and reach them at the same time, that the intimacy shared during courtship will flourish with age, that the other spouse shouldn't be jealous, over-protective or over-demanding. Says Dr. Sennett, "In a sexual relationship in Toronto 'I see all kinds of otherwise intelligent and sophisticated people who still believe the primitive that husbands and wives should always want sex at the same time, should be equally involved and should come away from intercourse exulting in success. It was a transcendent experience." Sennett's experience is shared by marriage counsellors who report an increase in the number of marital mistakes caused by a lack of realistic fulfillment and by



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people who expect fantasies adapted from popular magazines to be remanded to their own bedrooms. On the other hand, they surely encounter couples who experience real sexual dysfunction. "When a partner brings in a new fantasy, it's almost a sexual needs openly and honestly, as well as their concerns and fears, they usually solve the problem themselves," says Silverberg. Once considered a subject too delicate and intimate to be dealt with by a family counselor, it is now just a topic discussed during the early stages of family counseling. Says one counselor: "It's the most accurate barometer of the state of marriage, regardless of the problem."

But if sex is a peripheral factor in marriage today, so too are differing lifestyles, sexual interests, religious or individual values. "The major cause of marital failure is withdrawal," says Lee Hargrove, a counselor with the Family Service Association of Metropolitan Toronto. "Society isn't really flooded with extreme ideas as to slowly and in part subtly isolate ourselves from our mate. We join clubs, enroll in special interest groups, take creative courses in night school. We spend leisure time keeping ourselves in shape, improving our minds. When we are at home, and have the opportunity to talk with our spouses, we sit in front of the television set, blocking out communication." The pattern is all too familiar: recent studies have shown that the average couple spends less than three hours a month conversing about topics that are not related to immediate decisions. Hargrove maintains that feelings get lost in the shuffle and spouses are forced to evaluate their relationship through what he calls "telegraphed communication," understood through commercials or advertisements in the children over dinner. "After a while, the husband and wife realize that they are strangers whose attitudes and values may be conflicting. That's when the trouble really begins," Hargrove explains. "It's the feeling of being alone. It's when you wake up at 2 a.m. and realize that no one understands you, your goals or desires."

Even the most traditionally minded marriage counselors agree that the rising tide of divorce proves anything is that marriage is evolving, and that within 25 years the ways of love may take on additions to traditional marriage, many different forms. Sociologist Kinlock believes that by the year 2000, at least 25% of Canadians will be divorced twice or three times during their lifetime. "Our needs change as we grow older," he says. "During the late teens and early twenties, we are preoccupied with nonmarital love. We seek to satisfy our sexual needs and to experience passion accordingly. During the thirties and forties, we want someone who is charming, witty, intellectually stimulating and capable of keeping up with fresh demands and opportunities. In old age we

seek a person who is sympathetic, understanding, and who also offers new insights into life." Kinlock predicts that small monogamy may become the most popular form of union in the near century. Another alternative is the transient or seasonal marriage, in which both partners agree to live with each other monogamously for a stated length of time, say four years. They consult a lawyer and work out the ownership of property and the disposition of assets accumulated during the terms of their union. When the contract is nearing its expiry, both spouses assess the relationship and decide whether they wish to re-negotiate.

THE AVERAGE MARRIED COUPLE SPENDS LESS THAN THREE HOURS A MONTH JUST TALKING



own the marriage or part company. "The contract marriage eliminates much of the expectancy of spouses and they each know their rights from the beginning," says Kinlock. Some sociologists also see future potential for consensual relationships, in which single people live together without legal or religious bonds.

But of all the talked about alternatives to traditional marriage, none has attracted more interest than the concept of open marriage first advanced by Newt and George O'Neill in the bestselling book of the same name. The O'Neills advocate a marriage in which both spouses perform as equal partners free to explore all options leading to fidelity. Rapid role behavior, "making up together," denial of self and enforced fidelity, characteristics they attribute to closed marriage are replaced by flexible role behavior, open and honest communication, privacy, growth and individual freedom. The envisioned couple, living transmutely in the "bedroom" of a 30 or 40 years, "we will have some form of modified co-habit divorce in Canada."

For other equally important reasons, Canadians may have to wait longer. Counselors and psychiatrists say that if traditional marriage is to remain a viable form

concept of relationship it is generally regarded as impractical and diagnosed by professional counselors. "The most common examples of open marriage find their way here," says John H. Gontary, a leading family affairs lawyer in Montreal. "They accepted the concept of independence, withdrawal and total acceptance, but when it came to decide sexual relationships their intellectual acceptance couldn't overcome the emotional turmoil generated by the knowledge that their mate was having an affair—even though there would be no direct involvement. They just couldn't take it."

Whether the frequency of marriage will be impeded in the wake of bold alternatives, it is clear that if traditional marriage is to survive there is urgent need to re-evaluate its legal, moral and psychological basis. The loudest cries for change come on the tangled mass of divorce law. Although only eight years have passed since the country's medieval divorce law was changed to include 13 additional grounds for divorce (including physical or mental cruelty, alcohol and drug addiction, desistance and separation as well as adultery), most lawyers and judges agree that the legislation, which is still based on the adversarial system, is antiquated and, according to the Federal Law Reform Commission's working paper, "gives each spouse against the other and virtually ignores the interests of the children." Recognizing that the Law Reform Commission began a study of the federal divorce law two years ago and will present a list of "fundamental revisions" to the government this month including recommendations for parental counseling for couples, mutual planning that facilitates acceptance of misbehavior and special counseling at times for divorcing parents and their children. According to Toronto Family Affairs lawyer Malcolm Kinloch, "The recommendations are a step in the right direction, especially if they lead to a unified family court system where all matters involving custody, divorce and child support are dealt with by one court. Anything that will simplify divorce procedures would be a blessing." But many consumers are disappointed with the commission's preliminary proposals: they believe the so-called divorce system is the only humane and efficient legal approach to marriage breakup. Already accepted by 25 of the United States, the so-called concept eliminates the adversarial policy, the courts accept an acknowledgment of irremediable marriage breakdown by both spouses in sufficient grounds for divorce. Many Canadian lawyers and judges are skeptical of the system, pointing to such states as California, where so-called divorces are almost as easy to get as prescription drugs, but Kinloch believes restricting this to a 30 or 40 years, "we will have some form of modified co-habit divorce in Canada."

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of us and our concept about the communication of emotions in exchange. "When we learn to get in touch with our own feelings and how to share them with others we naturally respect other people's emotional points of view," says psychiatrist Sommer, "and this is vital to maintaining an intimate and permanent relationship between two people." Sommer and others believe educators in public schools and beyond must include the teaching of communication skills as an important part of the curriculum. "Certainly such lessons are equally as important to any that are being taught now," he says. "It's ironic that we spend years teaching people how to fit into a society without laying any emphasis on how they can successfully cope as individuals within that society." Many of the professors in the field believe that couples counseling, marriage should be required by law to attend premarital evening classes where prospective spouses would explore personal values and objectives and attend lectures on venereal and communicable disease, contraception, behavior that couples should be allowed to marry only when both of them have reached their mid-twenties. There are suggestions that compatibility tests should be mandatory; that more emphasis should be placed on offering married couples counseling services. Social worker Mosinger believes that even stable marriages should have periodic checkups. "We've placed too much emphasis on the perfect marriage," she says, "and have virtually ignored counseling as a supportive mechanism that could be beneficial for all marriages. It's particularly important to have a marriage checkup after the first year when the pattern and decision-making process have just been established," she says. "There isn't a businessman who doesn't carry out an annual stocktaking and examine a statement that reflects the state of his business. Why should marriage be considered any different?"

No matter what else happens in the futuristic photo "bill death do us part" will still be revered as the ultimate sign of love. The cynicism of the Seventies seems to have done nothing to change the ancient equation that for a mean marriage—eventually. And the most divergent proof of that is to be found in the statistics on divorce: almost 42,000 Canadians who saw their marriages die in 1974 decided to try again, and they accounted for 31% of the record number of marriages that year. Marriage will endure, says sexual therapist Silver, because simply because there is nothing to replace it. "Men must have long-term intimate relationships. He must have a secure and permanent base in life. He must be able that there is someone who will accept and communicate. You can't accomplish that with someone who has a casual or temporary commitment. As long as men seek for permanence in his life he will seek marriage." The question is whether he is prepared to work for its preservation.



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Poly-killer

'I think I have cancer,' Hilarion Blais said, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Ten weeks later he died, one more victim of the Chemical Age

By Glen Allen



HILARION BLAIS
owner of
YACHTS L'AMERICA
died in St. Lawrence
in 4 September 1974
at age of 53, was 2 mcs

It was a Thursday in June of 1974, a cloudy day with sunny breaks, just as the weathermen had promised, and the summer was beginning unfolding in a burst of Grenville women in Angèle's restaurant, and in the street to break out, and Italy was on the very verge of social breakdown. In Montreal's sugar corporations were being asked their way across the end of freedom. On Thursday, Tony on Paul Muller and Canada needed more houses in Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau's city council, without benefit of public leader chose a contractor for the then \$140-million Olympic stadium. And in Shawinigan, Quebec, a 35-year-old electrical worker named Hilarion Blais went to the doctor. He didn't want to go. He didn't want to go since he was a boy, and he had the stink of hepatitis. But as he told his friends at Shawinigan's B. P. Goodrich plant, where he had worked for 15 years, there was something really wrong. Claude Messier once told him telling him, "My gut hurts, Claude. It hurts like hell." A

family man who spent more time in church than he did in the tavern and who loved hunting and fishing, Hilarion Blais was to start his holidays that weekend, but the doctor found a "mass" in his abdomen, something big and evil, and six days later he was on the operating table at the towering new Centre Hospital Régional de la Mauricie in nearby Shawinigan Sud. Surgeons cut off a bit of his liver for the hospital's chief pathologist, Dr. François Delorme, a pudge Montcalm, then just 35, who came from a family of doctors and had begun his job at the hospital six months before. Delorme hastily put a quick-frozen section of the liver tissue aside, his microscope white film, and all in a second, seated in the operating room Delorme had never seen anything like it before. "It's cancer alright," he told the surgeon. "A nice cancer of some kind. But you'll have to give me a day or two." The next day he was preparing more sophisticated stains for the Blais tissue when the family doctor chimed to intervene: his patient was employed at the town's Goodrich polyvinyl plant. "Something went chink," Delorme mused. His mind raced back four months to a short article he had seen in the medical version of *L'Amour* magazine that had described the discovery of an extremely rare form of liver cancer called angiosarcoma among polyvinyl workers at a Goodrich plant in Kentucky. Delorme looked for the disease in the Blais tissue—and that's what he found.

Hilarion Blais died 13 weeks later, the first diagnosed victim of the angiosarcoma in Canada. His death was a grim milestone in a Goodrich plant through the Blais family and a cruel line not only for the Blais family and friends but for the already troubled town and the half-billion dollar Canadian polyvinyl industry. For there is never just one case of angiosarcoma.

Shawinigan is a small, busy town of 28,000 (old-time) on the shore of the St. Lawrence River 110 miles northwest of Montreal and 21 miles north of Trois-Rivières. Its name comes from the Cree word for net, and from Shawinigan's river town you can assemble a cocktail of personalities in a devious in Claude Wagner. Jacques Plante, opera singer Germaine Dussan and Jean

Charles Shawinigan is one of the many Quebec communities outside Montreal and Quebec City that are sending corrective to the waves of English-speaking that sweep English Canada from coast to coast to the effect that Quebec is a land of a very and undelivered crooks. People in Shawinigan still stop and talk to each other and so workers and the performance of the small and common courtesies, some southern important. There is a good public library with all but the very latest novels of Mr. Murdoch or Graham Greene, and a pitiful cultural center that always seems to be busy. The best room in the town's second-best hotel costs \$10, and across the street at the Laborer's Savings the day before yesterday's *Le Monde* and today's *Globe* and *Moultin* are checked by just with *Ou, La* and *Playboy*. The best time to visit, they say, is in the summer when the hills and steep bluffs burn with the yellow and reds of the changing season. "Right about the end of September," says the principal of a local high school, "the

leaves almost hide the smokestacks." And there are the smokestacks. Steads and pipes and Ruben-Goldbergian invention of cold-air, fridges and boilers out to the harbor. Shawinigan was conceived, built and nourished by industry from the very beginning. Pioneers from the United States and English Canada fell on the town as the name of the century like fanned leaves on a kind of grass. There was power three-cheap power from the swift St. Maurice—and the power brought Dupont, Du Pont, British American Oil, Alcoa, and between 1930 and 1950 the city boomed. The companies could hardly keep up with the modern from their European customers. There hydro was industrial and electricity on the shore as Montreal as it did in Shawinigan. The Shawinigan recovered from their war: formed a concrete market and began to produce what they needed themselves. The population of Shawinigan stood still, they declared. Young people left and never returned and unemployment—now at 17%—climbed higher and

higher. Other towns, such as Beauport (just down the St. Lawrence from Trois-Rivières), began to attract new industry that in the past would have settled in Shawinigan. Then the social costs of Shawinigan's long, now-fading prosperity began to show. The St. Maurice, lovely as it ever was to the eye, was respectably dirty with industrial waste. A recent poll asked around the red and white paint in the woods near the city were spotted and dying. There weren't any blackberries anymore: A University of Quebec ecologist put the seal on it when he declared that Shawinigan was more polluted even than Sudbury, Ontario, because of "its waste in place of some grass." The factory now owned by B. P. Goodrich was built in 1943. It makes polyvinyl chloride (PVC) from a gas called vinyl chloride monomer (though now the gas is made at a Shaw plant near Kansas and sent by rail to Shawinigan in liquid form). The first master of the plant was Canadian Reuben and Chemical, a corporate merger

of Shawinigan Water and Power and Union Carbide, which later sold the plant to its Old-Globe Gulf Oil which in turn sold it only four years ago to Goodrich. Goodrich is the largest maker of polyvinylchloride resin in the world, with one other factory at Niagara Falls, Ont., and several in the United States, and their product is the second best-selling of the 35 plastics manufactured for consumers in use (only polyethylene with more). Ever sold around 1958, it is strong, resistant, cold and soft, can be made stiff or flexible, thick or thin, thin as tissue paper or as colored, embossed or printed on it is everywhere—in the seat of your car, the sole of your shoes, your wallpaper and kitchen floor. Photograph records, garden hoses and children's dollies are made of PVC, as are credit cards. It has revolutionized hospital care with throwaway syringes and



Yacht Blais: the flowers are vinyl, as is the sofa cover and the kitchen floor; she is surrounded by a perpetual fog

PHOTOGRAPH BY GLEN ALLEN

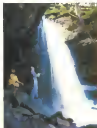


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vials. It is colorful and sweet-smelling (at concentrations above 2,000 parts per million of an acid, because of the gassy feeling it gives those who breathe it, was briefly enjoyed as an anesthetic in the 1940s. In the Shawinigan plant the liquidified ammonium gas is used in huge tanks to form a slurry which is then dried to a white powder that looks for all the world like icing sugar. But it is the gas that kills. It was the gas that killed Hélène Blais. It was the gas, as the diligent Dr. Delorme was to discover, that killed at least eight other Shawinigan polyvinyl chloride workers between 1955 and 1974, and it will be the gas that in years to come will kill all other men who breathe it in years ago.

Dr. Delorme saw Hélène Blais for the first time on the autopsy table after his death on September 4. While doctors had vainly tried to treat three angiosarcoma victims in the United States with chemotherapy and radiation, Blais had been given "conservative treatment" that is, a tonic for her appetite and painkillers (which according to his widow didn't kill the pain), and he died quickly. Delorme looked at the liver and confirmed his original diagnosis. He knew what he had on his hands was dysplasia. That year Goodrich, Goodyear and Firestone had all announced deaths from angiosarcoma in the United States, but as far as he had been concerned in Canada Delorme misdiagnosed his focus and presented the Blais case to a slide seminar for pathologists at the University of Montreal and McGill University on November 23. After other doctors confirmed his diagnosis he told John Brooks, a Sarcelles native who had spent more than 25 years in Shawinigan and was now the plant manager. Brooks said, "It's not possible," and told Delorme to keep it quiet until he'd contacted headquarters. The medical adviser to the US 8 percent company was on the next plane. He too confirmed Delorme's diagnosis and in January, 1975, workers were told—first by a notice on the bulletin board, then in a meeting—that someone (no names were released, not even Delorme would say it was Blais) had died of angiosarcoma and that their work was possibly hazardous, especially if they had worked long in the open section of the plant.

Delorme sent a copy of the Macdonald report to Québec's Commission des Accidents de Travail, which sent an officer to interview Mrs. Blais in her robin's-egg blue frame house on the edge of Shawinigan Falls and then began paying her the standard pension (as of January, it was \$240 a month for herself and a wageless wife going to school). Delorme, however, didn't leave it there. Going through the hospital files he far back as 1955 he found seven other cases of angiosarcoma. Those widows got pensions, too, reminiscent to the deaths of their husbands. One woman whose husband died in 1967 wrote Delorme suggesting that her husband had died of the same



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DO GOODNESS OFFER TO HELP THE WIDOWS? IT DIDN'T EVEN SEND NOTES OF SYMPATHY

thing Deloree found he had. Thus made eight deaths (three with Blum, but how many were these really? How many doctors had told polynuclear workers they were dying of carbons or chronic liver cancer or other liver ailments and left it at that without conducting inquests after the fact? Ten? Twenty? Fifty? No one knows. Deloree suspects at least twice as many as the known victims. And a study by Laval University's Dr. Gilles Theriault pointed out that between 1969 and 1972 the Quebec cancer registry showed the Shawinigan area as having by far the highest incidence of liver cancer in the province.

Deloree has now published three papers, with American pathologists as co-authors, on 16 Goodrich carcinomas in Canada and in Kentucky. Their studies show that the average age at death was 46.3 years with an average of 37 years, three months spent working in a polynuclear plant. The cancers didn't appear until at least 10 years after exposure began. One carcinoma victim had worked with polynuclear for only four years.

Chemicals and other industrial substances have been suspected of causing cancer as far back as 1775 when chimney sweeps without regular bathing developed what was then called "soot-warts." But since then, a number of cancers have been found in fat and construction workers, rope, boiler, lipstick and watchmakers, telephone linemen, printers and many others. Some researchers now think that as many as 90% of cancers are related to things—drugs, cancer-causing chemicals—around us in the environment. But 90% of those cancers show up first in the skin or epithelium, which is what makes carcinomas so notoriously cruel. The liver is still hidden—it can pound mutton out of an organ, a kind of rubber brain performing amazingly complex tasks. The liver can take almost any abuse: including booze, housing, and mild cancer back, but it rarely recovers from cancer, especially lung cancer which it strains it, rage and stress sponge. By the time an carcinoma victim feels bad it's too late.

Hilman Blum was the perfect candidate for carcinomas. For 22 of his 35 years at the plant he spent the last three as a guard at the plant gate; he had been a popular it was Blum who had to rush in with his wrenches and hammers and stop leaks of the gas, which is so volatile that shoppers discovered they were losing 30 pounds per lead to the atmosphere in six days. "Hilman wasn't offered anything," says Mrs. Pyle. "He was a great and witty man." "He'd go anywhere and take anything on. But there was nothing he could do about this weather."



Deloree by his casket, nine months after his death and up to twice as many probables.

"We might have known something was funny. There was the crowd that followed him home after work—kind of an acid smell. He had a shower after his shift and he'd have a bath at home, but even at that our bedroom was full of this smell of night long. Well, he started having pain two or three months before I could get him to go to the doctor. I made him go. And then it all happened so fast when he did. The doctor wanted to tell him he had cancer, but I don't know. I didn't want him to know. But I think he knew anyway. He said he had heard doctors talking about cancer when he was going under the anesthesia at the hospital. He looked at me and he said, 'Yes, I think I have cancer,' and two big men came down his cheeks. That was all we ever had about it."

Mrs. Blum is sitting on a vinyl-covered kitchen chair. The floor under her is vinyl. Those a vinyl covering on the bench in the living room, vinyl flowers on top of the TV set and beside the stairs, in a tub, a tiny vinyl pail. She brings out one of the discarded cards she had made for mourners and friends, a dam photograph of her husband in an oval frame. The picture is of a man who had not often had his picture taken, a man someone had convinced to look serious, the blunt one braced by traces of what must be laugh lines. Mrs. Blum carefully unfolds a worn little paper that said her husband had once been in the

Three Rivers Tank Regiment. Then she cries.

Hilman Blum and others died before their time without even knowing they were running a risk. Who's to blame—the company? B. F. Goodrich makes much of the fact that those men did not get sick on their time. Whatever it was that made their cells go berserk was woven in their bodies when the plant belonged to someone else. They have recalled stories that go off when the concentration of gas is over 25 parts per million, improved ventilation and found a new way of cleaning the vent where the slurry is made from the gas. Excessive medical checks have been carried out on all employees, even floods the manager, and Deloree says the state give him no credit for cancer. The company is spending four million dollars on safety measures in the Shawinigan and Niagara Falls plants and, while some may say that from being exposed in the past, no one will be exposed to lethal doses of the gas in the future. The company says it won't want the gas in a carcinogen until the deaths in Kentucky, but polynuclear chloride has been a known medical menace since 1949 when liver anomalies were discovered among Russian PVC workers. Later it was found PVC workers and even those who wrap foods in vinyl wrap were suffering from a degenerative disease of the finger bones called acro-osteolysis. Back in 1970 an Italian researcher reported man exposed to vinyl chloride gas developed cancer, and a year later the eminent carcinologist Cesare Maltoni reported that it caused liver cancers in rats. As for medical testing, it wasn't begun until March 1975, 15 months after the first Kentucky deaths.

B. F. Goodrich does not feel moved to help the widows of the Shawinigan victims immediately. Mrs. Blum says she learned from the company at all—not a letter of sympathy, not even a phone call. "It was an occupational accident," explains Orville Lachenbruch, public affairs director for the Goodrich's Canada head office in Kitchener. "We have to treat it just like a worker who gets crushed to death." In other words, the men working with PVC were simply accidents waiting to happen. Every day they faced danger badly contaminated with their modern wages (\$5.10 an hour in the contract about to expire), and they didn't even know it. Goodrich hasn't been able to contact the hundreds of men who worked on the Shawinigan plant for a few years and left, possibly taking with them the seed of the tragedy that would one day devour their lives. "We tried to find we could," said Lachenbruch, "but these records belong to Gulf Oil."

As for the war in the plant, the provincial government's environmental protection branch is supposed to inspect gas levels, but according to Robert Beronigheim, head of the industrial inspection branch, it hasn't been done for a year. The Quebec government has not set an upper safety limit for

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concentration of vinyl chloride monomer
anyway, even though the limit is one part
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parts per million in Ontario.

There have been other things in Shawinigan to worry about these past two years besides the strange death of Hébert. Like and what else later. The fact is many people still don't know anything about it. A barber and a taxi driver had never heard of the deaths at Goodville. Neither had a public health worker in the city's sober city hall. Shawinigan Mayor Dominique Groulx knew about it, slightly, but says, "There were only two or three, and all that's over with." Information about Blau and the others hasn't been exactly capacious there were two articles in a local paper—the first stating that Delorme had uncovered four deaths, the second congratulating the company for improving safety. Men working at the plant where Blau died are still working there. "It's like smoking cigarettes," said one. "You know it's not good for you but what do you do?" Said René Morin, a polyvinyl worker for 23 of his 45 years. "We worry about the thing but you don't think it's going to happen to you—maybe the next guy but not you."

The union, an affiliate of Quebec's Confederation of National Trade Unions, complains about lack of information. They have asked for medical reports on all members and been refused because the company says reports are between "a male and a female doctor." The union believes that in fact 14 men have died of work-related cancer (though they are not sure who) and suggests the next recent victim was a glass worker named German Hébert who died last December. "He had a tube hanging out of his liver," said a friend. The company says that, yes, Hébert died of cancer, but a woman's exposure. The widow Hébert lives in a tiny house a part of a strip of a few acres over from Mr. Blau and spends her days waiting for an insurance claim. She will get no pension and has no suspicion her husband's death was work-related.

Maybe that's too trusting. One of the nine cases discovered by Delorme had classic liver cancer as well as carcinomas. The Laval University Thoracic radiologist, Dr. "The distribution of primary liver cancer in Quebec is similar to the distribution of the glass industry." A Boston researcher suggests there may be some link between polyvinyl monomer and other forms of cancer. An Environmental Canada chemist who has written about polyvinyl chloride says there may even be a danger in asbestos as dust in the air that lowers the glass and goes into the cement. A little of the gas is released when the slurry is dried to make the powder a little more when polyvinyl products are processed. "It's not much, but who knows what is sufficient. Who knows how much too much—inside the plant or out?"

and he decided. The union believes that in fact 14 men have died of work-related cancer (though they are not sure who) and suggests the next recent victim was a glass worker named German Hébert who died last December. "He had a tube hanging out of his liver," said a friend. The company says that, yes, Hébert died of cancer, but a woman's exposure. The widow Hébert lives in a tiny house a part of a strip of a few acres over from Mr. Blau and spends her days waiting for an insurance claim. She will get no pension and has no suspicion her husband's death was work-related.

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The Shawinigan deaths are just one very stark example of the danger of the rampant use of chemicals in industry. New chemicals are discovered every day—new drugs and new materials and new hydrocarbons whose effects on workers and consumers often may not show up for years. We are all subjects in a vast environmental experiment, something union officials insist, governments and vapors of industry are just now beginning to wake up to. "Look at it this way," says Claude Mercier, a Montreal engineer studying the Shawinigan case for the Confederation of National Trade Unions. "There are about 2.5 million chemicals used in industry today. Now 600,000 of those are known to represent some degree of danger. Yet we have notes for only 425 of them. Even those can't be effectively enforced. Take Quebec with its tens of thousands of industries. These aren't 20 exposures for the whole province. A place can go a long time without a visit."

"There's something to that," says Dr. Delorme. "We have to start asking ourselves more about the things we make. How many times does a pathologist perform an autopsy and find lesions he can't account for—the products something that entered that body 10 or 20 years before?" Take vinyl for instance. This phrase is vinyl. This bottle is vinyl. That thing over there is vinyl. Yet who would have ever suspected?"

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Weather or not



A great leap forward

Before the revolution, the women of China were merely men's property. Now they hold up half the sky

By Carolyn Purden

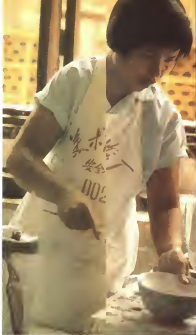
Tan Chuan-hua lives in the Manchurian city of Shenyang in China's industrial heartland. She was one of ten children of a poor farmland who died before the founding of the People's Republic of China 27 years ago. He had worked hard for many years, she says, but poor living conditions, cold and hunger finally took their toll and he fell seriously ill. "The landlord came to our house, passing my father to pay his debts, and he had to sell my six-year-old sister to be a child bride. Of ten brothers and sisters, four were sold as concubines and two as child brides." Then bankruptcy put the few private incomes to Confucian ways: a woman's life from birth to death was governed by subservience: first to her father, then to her husband and finally in widowhood, to her sons. She was expected to adhere to the great Confucian virtues. "A woman must know her place and behave herself: she must not talk too much over her boss; people, she must pay attention to self-alignment for the purpose of pleasing others, she must willingly do all the household chores." After her parents died, Tan Chuan-hua worked as a child laborer. "Entering that factory was like entering a living hell. I worked 16 hours a day and was often beaten. I had no freedom even to go to the toilet. One day because I was a bit late coming back, a foreman beat me on the head with a stick. Women workers suffered a lot—not just me, millions of women suffered alike."

Tan Chuan-hua, who tried twice to commit suicide before she was 30, is living witness to the astonishing transformation that has taken place in the lives of Chinese women in the last quarter century. The advances made by women in the Western world in the decade since the advent of women's liberation seem almost insignificant by comparison, if only because Chinese women who, until a few years ago, were simply chattel, have had further to come. Today they enjoy an equality most Western feminists would envy. "In China," says Mao Tse-tung, "women hold up half the sky." Tan Chuan-hua is now Comrade Tan, a member of the Communist Party. She has been a member of suc-

cess delegations. In 1958 she attended a national model workers conference. "Here was I," she recalls, obviously moved, "a former child laborer sitting with the leaders of our government and country."

Typical of the new Chinese women is Lin Yen-fang, an engineer in a Shenyang laundry. Comrade Lin is married to a technician and has two children: one in high school, the other in primary school. She says that working has made family life a more cooperative enterprise. "There is no fixed responsibility—housework is done of your own accord. Whoever comes home first usually does it." Her job often requires her to work late, she explains, and when she comes home her husband has already collected the children from school and cooked dinner. "If my husband is busy, I'll go home and do the housework." The children are brought up with its same emphasis on cooperation, and help with the cleaning and preparing of meals. "They consider this an important way to help their mother and father work for socialist construction. It lets us devote more energy to our work."

Not surprisingly the changes that have permitted Comrade Tan and Comrade Lin the liberty they enjoy today have been encouraged wholeheartedly by the state. The provision of day-care and work care centres, nurseries and kindergartens have freed women from home ties and enabled them to join the labor force. "Whatever men consider can accomplish, women can accomplish too," says Mao Tse-tung. By law, women get equal pay for equal work, get the same pension as the men and receive paid maternity leave. Equality in the home is also reinforced by law. One of the first pieces of legislation enacted by the new People's Republic in 1950 was the marriage law, which allows a woman to inherit her husband's property, not her own name, have free choice of occupation, and equal rights in possession and management of family property. But the struggle for equality depends as much on progressive attitudes as progressive legislation and to that end China has developed a net-



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The old tiger prevails again, but his enemies grow bolder

holders of the Peking garage covered road weary guests before the Great Hall of the People. Trunks of cashmere sweaters inside the walls of the Forbidden City. Nearby, China's politicians met secretly to name a new premier—and soon the candidate listed by Chairman Mao, Hu Yaobang, Peking was the son of a city in the midst of a coup d'état. Workers cleaned up debris from a brutal police homicide. Media of overseas assemblies were carried away. The huge Tian An Men Square—32 acres of open pavement before the Gate of Heavenly Peace—was denuded of all evidence of the worst riot in Peking since 1949.

The incumbent politician, acting on a proposal by China's aging chairman, vowed quickly to approve Public Security Minister Hua Guofeng in full powers to lead the "struggle against the four evils" and to root "all poisons" in the state, army and party. The asphyx of events stunted China's winter, accustomed to a slower pace. Still, late January, Hua and his colleagues, including Vice Premier Qiao Zhen, launched a massive campaign against Yang Tiansi, alleging the destructive "Poisonous of Socialism" was a "capitalist-roader" who wanted to "reverse the road of the great proletarian cultural revolution" in the party and state. Hua, who had been the Vice-premier to succeed Chen Biao as premier in 1976, had himself acknowledged in a compromise, a temporary, "acting" premier was named in early February, the almost 70-year-old Hua Guofeng, the son of the Mao Zou Zhou Secretary.

At the onset of public unrest, Hsu was supposedly capable of keeping the factions under control while the politicians fought out who would succeed Chou. At first, Hsu seemed to have the upper hand. Starting at Peking's Tsinghua University and in the radio-controlled mass media, Mao's fiery propagandists vilified Teng. He was accused of betraying Mao's strict doctrine to "take China's struggle to the key task" by making it equal with two other directives: to promote economic production and to ensure for stability and unity. Teng was believed to have driven up a broad economic plan to take China into the twenty-first century as a world power. This plan was first outlined in 1975 by then premier Chou. Details were undoubtedly approved

before Chou's death from cancer in early January. The scheme calls for "four modernizations" during the fifth five-year plan (1976 to 1980), laying a base for industrialization intended to make China a super-power by the year 2000.



The April 4 throng in Peking's Tiananmen Square is honored (in a way too Confucian to suit the Maoist redbooks) the dead — especially Chou



En-lai (center) — set the stage for an ideological confrontation and China's worst riots in the post-revolutionary period one day later. Mao responded by successfully dumping from power Yang Hsueh-ping (far right) and establishing a new high-level Mao Kuo-feng (far right) the first premier of China



ture. Kenechuan, representing the moderate viewpoint with an acrid tongue, He brought back hundreds of formerly purged officials to run the nation's universities, government commissions, factories and schools. Many had old scores to settle with the Maoists. Clearly, a "reversion: evil wind" was blowing, and Mao felt threatened. He chose to strike before Teng could occupy the empty chair of Chou, the major compromiser who presently backs the orthodox which brought China out of chaos.

The Chao-Ting, plus apparently escaped Mao at a January meeting of the party following Chao's funeral. Still a visionary person, Mao saw in the program the fixing of his dream of a purely communist man. At 82, he remains deeply convinced in creating an austere egalitarian society in China, and all policies and programs must have this vision as their core and goal.

Government officials and economic advisers trying to modernize a nation of 800 million people want an end to Mao's purification campaigns and a start toward progress. Tang, once purged with his former boss, Liu Shao-chi, during the Cul-

sternism, counter-revolutionism." They showed uneasiness, but they, too, were interested in increasing production and in advancing the "four modernizations" in agriculture, industry, national defense, and science and technology. To Sherman, it appeared Mao's campaign was too far left.

At the Qing Ming festival (April 4) approached, it was evident that a change was afoot. A crucial politburo meeting was scheduled. Dozens of thousands of schoolchildren and Peking residents voluntarily appeared to pay homage to Chou in Tian An Men Square. Mao must have been shocked. Here was a massive outpouring of sentiment for his former deputy—and on the day which the first Confucius of all Chinese holidays. After three years of a constant Mao-inspired anti-Confucius campaign, that homage was a most surprising effort.

Flowers in Chou's memory paled by 12 feet high and were bulldozed during the night. The next morning, 100,000 teachers and students crowded, burning incense, holding university rituals. Bloody Teng's policies to make liberalizing overtones, and reading poems of praise to the memory of Chou Peking's mayor, Wu Teh, a firm follower of Mao, applied in the crowd but was ignored. It wasn't until late Monday night that enthusiasm felt safe enough to clear out the remaining rears. Mao returned his jubilation Tuesday, dreamed Teng out of his position of power, and made Huo Kwongling prime minister. A poet Chou had had for more than a quarter of a century.

His is a mystery. He appeared in the early 1930s in Mao's home province of Henan as a local party official. He is believed to have been born in Northern Henan province about 1915 and to be married. He rose slowly but steadily in Henan, eventually becoming the party's first secretary there. He reportedly helped guide the downfall of the Kuomintang and the growth of Liu's followers in 1931 and 1932. Liu Pao like Huo today, was Mao's "top assistant." He supposedly died in a flaming air crash in China Mongolia after attempting a coup against Mao's September 1971.

Within a month of Liu's death Huo moved in Peking, where he worked quietly until being named public security minister a year ago. Now he has hoped over other qualified candidates. Huo is known to be a party man and politically shrewd. His choice appears to be a compromise between the Mao radicals and the moderates.

Mao may have won the Teng battle but not yet won the war to which his life has been dedicated. Significantly the same morning Teng was ousted, Chou's 1970-71 economic report, Vice-premier Li Huacien, disappeared. He had not been seen since mid-January, when he was thought to be under the same "no-prisoners" order as Teng. His reappearance is awaited as the moderates have wrong

a major concession from the Maoists. A party had with the wreaths Monday ended with a pledge: "The day modernization in their fields is realized, we shall come back to offer libations and sacrifices." Liberals not to Mao, but to Chou. From the grave, Chou may achieve what he could not do when alive. His Maoist son in law of all China, Teng owed his return from oblivion to Chou, as did Li Huacien and hundreds of others. Huo Kwongling, a party politician who also has been Chou's post, may have to build more ghosts than he had his seven prior ones. **HAROLD GILLILAND FOR THE U.S.**

Turning to thoughts of Hubert

Fred Harris was disappointed but, as always, he had a smile and a story. "There was that fellow who ran sheriff in Cowan County, Oklahoma. He last badly, but he showed up on the mean street next morn-



ing with a pistol strapped on his bare body and, 'Well, what are you doing with that pistol? You didn't get elected sheriff!' He said, "I'm sorry, somebody who doesn't have my friends take the word 'thief'!" Back in Washington, the Atlanta works of presidential campaigning, with nothing to be credited but the rock hard support of about 1% of the Democratic electorate. Harris was burning out. Like all many television exposure from the former senator from Oklahoma. He did well enough in the early going, but not well enough to claim victories. "We didn't know what to call it," he said, "so we decided to call it 'quit'." The withdrawal of the main contender of all White House hopefuls marked the end of the common first half of America's quadrennial search for presidential candidates. Primaries in New York and Wisconsin confirmed what the pundits had predicted. Among the Democrats, former Georgia governor Jimmy Carter, a front runner with Senator Hubert "Scooper" Jackson only a few places behind and Congressman Morris Udall still hanging in. Meanwhile, second-round Senator Hubert Humphrey stayed by the finishing line and



WISCONSIN SENATOR CARTER (above) does a Harry Truman with a too-early victory; Jackson (below) ducks the late to avoid being split open by the Madison airport

will might was simply by sitting passively should the post-nominate campaign become deadlocked.

Jackson went in New York, where voters decide after their own convenience date game. He collected 102 to Udall's 68 and Carter's 33. In liberal Wisconsin, Carter scored a very narrow victory over Udall, getting 50 delegates to Udall's 25. Udall's conservative voters were reflecting his secret of life. Indeed, Udall went in but behaving his word. He woke up a loser. Among the Republicans, neither President Gerald Ford nor his challenger former California governor Ronald Reagan carried the New York primary. In Wisconsin, Ford won comfortably.

The primaries now move on in their second stage while the republican swarms from the eastern and mid-western states to the south and west. To win the Democratic nomination, 1,000 delegate votes are needed. To date, Carter has 285; Jackson 212; Udall 122 and Alabama Governor George Wallace 80. Wallace hopes he has no chance and now wishes simply to play whoever-dealer at the convention assigning his delegates to a conservative con-

sider. "I just want to stop those liberals," he says. To win the Republican nomination in August, 1,100 delegate votes are required. Ford now has 332 and Reagan 104.

For the Democrats the next big date is April 23 in Pennsylvania where for the first time, Carter, Jackson and Udall will meet head-on. Should Pennsylvania go to Carter—and with six minutes in the night primaries held so far, he must be considered the favorite—many party professionals are convinced that he will win the nomination.

For the Republican the next big date is May 1, in Texas, where Ford admits to being underdog to Reagan. There are 100 delegates at stake, and a win for Reagan would provide the normal boost he got from his North Carolina victory. As the campaign season rolls on, most observers feel little progress that the remaining months will be much different from the dreary first half of a long road.

WILLIAM LEWIS FOR THE U.S.

The UK A new skipper for the Titanic

It was a cloudy start for Sunny Jim Callaghan, the 64-year-old pragmatist who succeeded Harold Wilson as prime minister of troubled Britain. First, Callaghan's double victory over left-wing Michael Foot was narrower than expected. Next, the Labor budget brought down the day after Callaghan "sussed hands" with the Queen provoked a storm of controversy. Then, there was the unsettling risk of losing first victory without election and losing a fifth House Secretary Roy Jenkins on issues that his days were numbered. Finally, the death of one Labor and the resignation of another left Callaghan with only a minority position on the Commons. However, his government was in no immediate danger. Callaghan was a Marylebone. Thatcher remained willing to give Labor a chance to work out a landing deal with Britain's financial markets.

Hours after his victory over Foot, Callaghan appeared on television to tell Britain, as that his first priority was to stabilize Britain as a rock economy. It seemed a call order. The pound sterling was still slipping, unemployment hovered around 1,500,000, inflation, at over 20%, was almost rampant and the British pound was ailing. But he had seen that standard of living fell to one of the lowest in Europe. Inflation was stagnant, and the country was still recovering far beyond its means.

Analysts Denis Healey's budget offered aggressive tax concessions amounting to \$1.8 billion, and tables showing how every working person would be better off. But all commitments were conditional on the unions' agreeing to limit pay increases to 3% in the next year—about \$1.66 a week per worker. Many were satisfied with the constitutional implications. Britain has 11 million trade unionists, but 14.5 million employees are not members of a union. "A



Callaghan (above) and Gonsalves (below) trying to start off the Social Contract

constitutional roadshow." Liberal member David Steel called it. Indeed, it appeared to some that Healey had bypassed one of the oldest principles of prudence: democracy—that is, leaving the task because of the Commons and not to be influenced by barons. To the right-wing *Economist* magazine, among others, since how Jack Jones "had had a dozen other trade union leaders who have not been chosen by the mass electorate" are good friends here. "Most of these 'leaders' seemed actually disinclined to go along with Healey although many Tories felt he ought to be 'given a speaking chance' to make a work."



The first non-Union prime minister since Winston Churchill, Callaghan found the road to advancement through the union movement and the Labor party, and he has never wavered in his conviction that there should be strict collaboration between the two. He used himself as a practical politician and has little time for doctrinaire or abstract principles. Indeed, as one is more precisely what his political philosophy. He required his nickname, "Sunny Jim," through his ability to get on with anybody. The unions have not demanded the role he played in pushing the late Labor government's attempts to subject the



unions in the rules of law by forbidding them to back wage contracts. In 1969 Wilson produced a white paper called *In Place Of Strife* setting out these proposals, and held a party meeting that he would resign rather than fail to carry out the measure. But Callaghan was angry at the reduction of trade-union privilege. Wilson carried him in public self-derived loss to the press, but all to no avail. Callaghan's intent that he was forced to win, in alliance with both the trade unions and a substantial section of the parliamentary Labor party, proved correct, and ever since he has been justly regarded as a supreme politician.

Three days after becoming prime minister, Callaghan showed his relationship with the biggest clear-out of top people in a cabinet since Harold Macmillan's "night of the long knives" in 1962. One went free, Sir Robert Carr, 67, a senior senior secretary. Lord Hailsham, the Home Secretary, the government's chief whip, and Willie Ross, Scottish secretary. In for bigger jobs went Foot, who served as impressario in the leadership black. He became Healey's leader. Peter Shook, an anti-European, became secretary for the environment and Anthony Clough, a 35-year-old right-wing anti-socialist who is fairly unknown on Europe, succeeded Callaghan in foreign secretary. The changes were seen as an attempt to balance left and right in the party. Perhaps the biggest act of timidity was the decision not to make Jenkins foreign secretary. Jenkins, perhaps the Labor politician with the highest international reputation, had stood against Callaghan and was told there would be no future for him in the cabinet. Externally, opposition was the steady presence of Mrs. Shirley Williams, 45, the prime minister, who was also given the wide-ranging job of paymaster general, putting her in charge of key cabinet committees. Mrs. Williams has been tipped as a possible prime minister, and the signs are that Sunny Jim is grooming her for stardom.

DAN MATTHEW

People

It seems that no matter what **Margaret Trudeau** does, it somehow lands her in the middle of a controversy. The latest involves the brain-leaching of her infant son, Michel—or rather, the co-suction thereof. Margaret, it seems, has been a heroine to the La Leche League, an organization of women who encourage breast-feeding and denounce the bottle. Justin and Sasha were both breast-fed and so was Michel—for about five months. (In fact, she was criti-



Margaret and Michael, both in a tub

cized by a television commentator in Vancouver earlier this year for feeding Michel in public during the Latin American fair with her husband.) But just before the look off to Florida in February for that work of rat-and-romance, she warned Michel. Which horrified the La Leche League and which may mean it will not return, but, as it had planned, to be given speaker at a national convention in Toronto next year. The convention was sitting on the desk of La Leche's Canadian coordinator, Margaret Reimer. And while she was contacted by *McGraw's*, her couldn't decide whether or not to read it.



There are any number of ways of looking at one who disfigures into a conglomeration, but for downright ignorance it's hard to top what was perpetrated on **Anthony Armstrong-Jones**. When his marriage to **Princess Margaret** broke up, his wife

At one time **Brigitte Bardot's** major interests were making her own speakers for body and collecting wide young lovers. But in the past few months the 41-year-old Sex Kitten has become obsessed with the boy-and-father-offer of the Newfoundland cod. Just after she won the Norwegian embassy in Paris to protest the country's participation in the sealed hake, she was interviewed for the *Quebec* annual news and was asked how she planned to deal



Bardot: an offer that's hard to refuse

with Canada—a would-be like to see Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau**. "If he could give me an appointment, I would be very pleased to speak with him about the taking of baby teeth. If the Canadian government can do something to help it, I would be fantastic... if they do something, I would think there with all my body, all my heart."

Many years ago **Henry Kissinger** told Sally Quinn of the *Washington Post* that he was "a secret swinger." She published it, and quickly he was no longer secret. Least exploit. With wife Nancy Maguire hardly off the plate in America, the 8 was on the phone to **Elizabeth Taylor** in California, inviting her to attend the American Ballet Theatre Gala (featuring Nureyev and Baryshnikov) in Washington, DC. She accepted, and though they didn't go together, she naturally arrived with Lisa Minelli and their musical troupe



Kissinger, Taylor when the cat's away...

designer. Bizarre. They looked up at the frequency that followed. Two nights earlier Kissinger was photographed in the area of Ontario's Lake Umbagog. He was dropped in on the premiere of her new film *Face to Face*. "My wife has left me," he quipped. "I'm going to bring her back one way or another."

Every time over the most watchfully examined, his list includes including **Charlie Manson**. Earlier this year **Larry Flynt**, the publisher of *Punchy magazine* (which is so sick it would have been banned in Germany—a sort of pervert's *Playboy*) wrote to Manson in *Falson Prison* asking him to submit to an interview. Now *Charlie's* a man who likes to talk, so he had to—but could he not some copies, please? Manson was disgusted, shocked; he couldn't believe it. No way, he said, would he lend his good name to such lies. "I don't even know books like yours," he pointed out the cover.



Momentarily everybody has to give up the fine atmosphere

Sports

The play-offs, so far, belong to the stoppers



Thomas (above) and Plasse (right) meet head to head. Dryden is to untangle him.

As it happened, the most significant performer in the first round of the Stanley Cup play-offs was not even in action. But while Montreal Canadiens goalie Ken Dryden watched from the sidelines (Les Bachelard's eye into the quarter-finals), his old friends and associates—his street old boys Wayne Thomas, Michel Plasse and Regisnard Vadon—were pretty well dominating the show. Ever since Dryden landed the 1977 play-off into a one-man championship, his go-to-hander has been able to survive in Montreal as anything but a substitute. Trained as a lesser team, however, they have thrived—dependable workhorses with an impressive blend of play-off cool.

In fact, the opening round of the night-work quest for the Cup was disappointed everywhere by goading Vadon yielded only one goal in two games to his Los Angeles Kings, who knocked the Atlanta Flames—who another Canadian carried off, Phil Myre, rode the bench for the Flames. Twenty-one-year-old rookie Ed Simpson's work was reminiscent of O'Keefe's 1971 debut, as the surprising St. Louis Blues pushed the Buffalo Sabres to the three-game limit. Glenn "Chico" Resch stopped 25 shots as the New York Islanders' debut season against Vancouver, gave the Canucks an early summer holiday with two consecutive victories. And the brilliant play of ex-Canadians Thomas for the Toronto Maple Leafs, and Plasse, for the Pittsburgh Penguins, was a step to be remembered Thomas, who spent the years 1974-75 season on the



bench as Dryden's backup, playing not a single minute, started the high-scoring Penguins 4-1 in the series opener. Behind an unusually effective defense. Two nights later, Plasse—scored as a Pittsburgh workhorse—shot out the Leafs 2-0. Thomas was equally superb. The Penguins forwards scored once in 49 shots, the second goal went into an empty net in the final minute. And Thomas' goaltending was again the difference in the final game, as he shut out the Penguins 4-0.

Playing in his first play-off ever, Thomas 28, had been steady all season in the Toronto net, recording a respectable 3.14 goals against average.

Clearly responsible for keeping the standing ovation back to normally reserved Gordie Howe, Thomas recently played his best hockey on the road—away from the distractions of family and friends. Even before the series home opener, he

checked into a Toronto hotel attempting to simulate out-of-town conditions, and later turned down a *Sherry Noyce* to *Canada* interview, saying it would interfere with his concentration.

Reflecting on his 80-game layoff of the previous year, Thomas says: "I had almost a lot at first, but then my wife gave birth to our first daughter, Grazia, and I discovered there was more to life than hockey. It wasn't as though my career was falling apart completely. I got plenty of work in position. If Gray Laffin wanted to take extra shots, I was the guy he got to shoot against. I knew I'd be needed somewhere. I was delighted when it turned out to be Toronto." So, needless to say, write the Leafs.

DAN PUNOWITZ

Zen, and the art of winning

With the single exception of Doug Rippe's silver medal at the Tokyo Olympics in 1964, Canada's judo teams have been chronic underachievers, the floor mats of international competition. But now, as the Montreal-based national team starts up for next month's Canadian Open championship—and the summer games—there is an unmistakable aura of optimism. Five medal-winning performances (including three gold) at last autumn's Pan-American games and a mouth-dropping triumph against Japan in the world cup, and the pieces of judo, have persuaded Canada's *judoka* that at least one Olympic medal, possibly more, is within their grasp. Barely three years ago, the Canadians were ranked 16th in the world, 15th in the world. This year, they rank eighth to sixth.

The grandmaster largely responsible for that improvement is 30-year-old Hiroshi Nakamura, a former Japanese elite judoka (only a broken bone in his back prevented him from the 1967 world championship). Arriving with his judo (the loose-fitting, buttonless suit worn by competitors in 1968, Nakamura taught judo at a Montreal university, later coached the Quebec team (supplementing his \$120-a-month salary by teaching night classes), and in 1973 was named by the *O'Keefe Sports Foundation*, at \$15,000 a year, to head the national team.

In the pre-Nakamura era, Canadian judo teams trailed ungraciously, without defeat (only a broken bone in his back prevented him from the 1967 world championship). Arriving with his judo (the loose-fitting, buttonless suit worn by competitors in 1968, Nakamura taught judo at a Montreal university, later coached the Quebec team (supplementing his \$120-a-month salary by teaching night classes), and in 1973 was named by the *O'Keefe Sports Foundation*, at \$15,000 a year, to head the national team.

well it must work, small prints and weight training. Nakamura added basketball—with a twist. Whenever a basket is scored the team yanking points must do 100 push-ups. "That way," he explains, "in half an hour they will do perhaps 1,000 push-ups, and the training instead of just sitting. Okay, do 100 push-ups." People thought pushing two or three times a week was good enough. They just didn't know the difference between recreational and competitive judo. They didn't know what it takes to reach world caliber. Now much dedication is required or how much conditioning."

Most national team members six of whom now study physically-furnished groups in suburban Montreal, living an annual \$2,400 grant from Sport Canada, echo Nakamura's conviction. But a small core, including under Judo Canada president Frank "The Godfather" Hatahara in Toronto, remains loyal to the old ideology—judo is a religion. "Judo should be

The new-look Expos - still a decade or two away

Sports column by John Robertson

Who will ever forget the inspiring September stretch drive of the 1975 Montreal Expos? Well, Gene Mauch (far left) After spending six agonizing months working out into volcanoes, Gene was tossed into the hall of fame when it was basically a matter of common sense. Unable to afford to send their players to the minor leagues the Expos they really needed, the Expos board decided it was cheaper to fly major league manager Karl Kuehl 38 up to the majors.

The Expos had long since decided that youth must be served. After all, owner

with 65 fans and leading the league in seasonal plays on rotating ground balls. Not bad for a kid who couldn't go to his right or left and kept getting needleheads when he best caught down.

Away—Carter and Parrish form the nucleus of the new, unannounced Expos. The Expos are obviously blessed with Pope Mergulio (center field) and Larry Bester or Elia Valentin (left). Pope made quite a contribution in 1975, striking out 115 batters and hitting an average .245. Bester was the club's only home

side 300 hitter in 1975 (313), but drove in only 28 runs—or fewer than five a month. As a result, Kuehl awarded the left-field job to rookie Elia Valentin.



Fred and Valentin (above) and Parrish and Fryman (below): the boys of summer



Charlie Bradford commands top prize for Chevy Chase whiskey and it's only 10 years old. So his baseball organization adopted the old Montreal philosophy bring 'em young. The 1975 Expos say have lost 87 games, but they win 75 didn't they? So why not send you with a pair of deuces—Carter Garry and Fred Parrish.

Spring training was surely a weak job when Carter began yapping the same ball-batting formula by running into a wall and bouncing off with a concussion. Life was advertised in a letter-buster but the Expos have to keep reminding him "With your hat, Gary, no your head." Parrish came to the Expos with a good field, no-hitter reputation. Not quickly converted to—being 274



Tucker to Fred to Claude? Well, the Expos have decided to leave second base to Claude. Mauch doesn't just turn a double play. He sells it over a few bases just for good attention. Best has remains in the capable hands of Mike Jorgensen, who may be the team's first all-around ball player—who isn't carrying a billion lbs. as a club which didn't have a person capable of hitting 20 homers or driving in 70 runs.

Actually, the best thing the 1976 Expos have going for them in the Olympics is a small make the first three home baseball sell as a club which didn't have a person capable of hitting 20 homers or driving in 70 runs.

Business

Happy days aren't here again, though there may be cause to cheer again

"I am quite convinced we are in recovery now. The Canadian economy is beginning a new cycle," Robert Reid de Cotret, vice-president of the Conference Board in Canada, cheerfully proclaimed last August. De Cotret and his fellow economists were

Canada. "Canadian economy and fiscal policies helped up economic growth and employment relative to the United States and most other industrialized countries. But the cost has been a relatively higher rate of price inflation and a record deficit in

about 2%, skewed to reflect inflation. • Continued at a level deficit of at least five billion dollars per year for 1976 and 1977. • Continuing high unemployment, which is likely to reach 7.7% of the labor force in 1976, compared with 7.4% in 1975.

While many in most economic circles—there are more suggested solutions than there are actual problems areas, most business economists say government must take a step of its own outside for inflation—in other words, cut back on spending. Government spending is running out of hand. Last year while revenues for all government rose by about 7%, expenditures followed by 20%, leaving a year-end deficit of \$4.6 billion.

But the most pressing problem is the matter of massive trade deficits, which Ottawa is trying to offset by a strong foreign capital. And in this area even government economists are starting to flush Andre Raynsford, chairman of the Economic Council of Canada, in one of them. Unless we redesign the economy toward free trade, by ending protective tariffs of up to 30% on some forms of Canadian goods and by ending Department of Regional Economic Expansion grants which can add up to 25% to labor costs, Canada will no longer be able to compete on world markets, he says. "Domestic industries have been kept in comfort well too long." And even with those protective barriers, Canadian manufacturers are still lagging behind. According to Statistics Canada, exports last year rose by only 7% while imports shot up by 11%.



Of course I know the value of a dollar—that's why I asked for ten!

tactically right about the start of recovery. But latest macro models later there is still little reason to be overly optimistic. Every indication is that recovery will proceed even more slowly in the last half of 1976 than the trend's pace has maintained to date. And the cost of recovery to the average Canadian could be considerable. Every indication is that recovery will proceed even more slowly in the last half of 1976 than the trend's pace has maintained to date.

During 1975, Canada's Gross National Product (GNP), downing inflation, rose remarkably at a 2.8% growth rate, the low on par with 1954 and will follow the 2.8% next increase a year under. Corporate profits dropped by 2.9%—the first drop since 1970—and only the second in 15 years. At the same time, where interest continued to rise—up 14% during the year—and Canada posted a record international trade deficit of \$2.5 billion.

But all in all, the past year was not as disastrous as it could have been, and the Canadian recovery was far less severe than in U.S. counterparts, according to economists like Robert Bagley of the Royal Bank of

the balance of payments? Bagley's view—which is widely shared by government economists—is that Canada's dollar has to suffer now.

Comparisons between Canadian and U.S. economic performance show we did indeed fare better. The Canadian economy rose by 2.8% in the past five years, compared with a U.S. rate of 10.3%. Canadian employment expanded by 6.2% during the same period while the U.S. rate was only 0.4%. The average Canadian wage rate rose by 3.7% in the past five years, while the U.S. wage rate increased by 4.2%. Canadian productivity rose 4.5% during the same period, while U.S. output was up only 2.5%. The price we will have to pay for maintaining growth could be a severe one. Among current predictions are:

- A widening spread between the Consumer Price Indexes of the United States and Canada. In 1975 the U.S. CPI jumped 9.2%, while our CPIX rose by 8.3%. This year that spread could widen to three percentage points, and inflation could rise with a rate of 7% in 1977.
- An "only average" increase in the rate of

Can you be sure it's GSW?

For two years—ever since the proclamation of the disputed Foreign Investment Review Act—the federal government has been quietly screening bids by foreign interests to take over Canadian companies. With little failure, the government has turned down some bids (34 by the end of March) and allowed many more (135). But this year the government was presented with its biggest—and toughest—case yet, in the form of a bid by Wei Canada Ltd. of Guilpin, a subsidiary of West Coast Industries Inc. of Cleveland, to take over the appliance division of Westinghouse Canada Ltd., a subsidiary of Westinghouse Electric Corp. of Pittsburgh. The proposed takeover became a hot political issue and preoccupied the cabinet for months before it finally decided to let law suits to reject the bid. If the takeover is successful, Westinghouse would have become the dominant firm in the Ca-

action "household" appliance industry, now roughly evenly split up among its major firms: all but one of them American-owned (GEA, Westinghouse, GE, Canadian General Electric, Canadian Admiral and Inglis).

The reputation of the WCJ had put the way for GEA (General Steel Works) Ltd. of Toronto to take over Westinghouse itself, assume the leading role in the Canadian appliance and very well perhaps even compete with GE trademarks. But recent developments strongly backed by Liberal MPs, also add to the government's growing nationalist image in a time when the Progressive Conservatives are adopting an increasingly anti-outsider stance. For example, Bill Kempster (PC—Humber-Willowdale), the Conservative's chief spokesman on the issue, says the government should have no-

a while with the thought of introducing some form of restrictive legislation that would keep control of the trademark out of the hands of WCJ. Cabot had died against such action for fear of international retaliation and adverse domestic reaction to any restrictive measures. But it was shown in another way out. According to some observers, including backbench MP Norma Clark (Liberal-Ontario), the trade name is distinct from the trademark, belongs to Westinghouse Canada. Thus, they maintain, a new-owned Westinghouse plant could continue to sell products under the Westinghouse name, although it could not use the trademark (a quote with a few twists). But we would also be pushed back into the trademark. Said Clark in a memo to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau: "The new owner of the trademark does not have the

same in Canada "we was, in fact, out-bid by GE, which had Westinghouse's unnamed workers, the Canadian Labor Congress, the Committee for an Independent Canada, the Ontario government and Liberal backbench say so as well. WCJ's support was limited to Westinghouse's management, minority Canadian shareholders and parts of the financial press. Its take-over bid was also reportedly supported by the Foreign Investment Review Agency. But the final decision rested with cabinet, and the Westinghouse take-over became too political an issue for it to ignore.

The U.S. government was, surprisingly, not involved in the lobbying. After the decision was made, there were several "inquiries" made by U.S. officials, but no formal objections. The next step is upon N.M. Thorne, the Registrar of Trade Marks in Ottawa, who has already applied to him for the right to use the Westinghouse trademark. He used such strong grounds in the future, the federal government is considering legislation. One possibility is a requirement that trademarks be registered in the name of Canadian companies, not their foreign parents, says Max Schuchman (now Westinghouse-Canada) suggests that the government should ban foreign trademarks altogether. Still, he reasons that this would have the advantage of encouraging Canadian industry, which he believes has too many imports plus from making too many products because this is the way it is done in the United States. While the debate carries on, however, a may become increasingly difficult for Westinghouse, working in limbo, to keep putting the quality in before the market with its WESTINGHOUSE



What's in a name? Enough, it seems, to start a new furious corporate argument

caption: WCJ's bid

But the issue was much more complex than just the question of whether a Canadian or an American company should take over Westinghouse. The controlling factor was that Westinghouse's parent firm in Pittsburgh had already sold its money-losing U.S. appliance division and trademark to its parent in Cleveland in late 1974. Since Westinghouse of Canada is not a Canadian subsidiary or the registered owner of the Westinghouse trademark in Canada, the sale gave WCJ's parent control of the trademark in Canada as well as in the United States. The cabinet feared that if WCJ Canada's bid for Westinghouse Canada were turned down, WCJ's parent might retaliate by refusing to hand over control of the trademark, thereby propagating the threat of Westinghouse Canada's appliance division and the jobs of its 2,300 employees in its Hamilton plant.

The plans without the trademark would have little value, but with the trademark it has considerable attraction for potential buyers (Unlike in U.S. counterpart the Westinghouse Canada appliance division is a money-maker with a good name.) To get around this obstacle, cabinet agreed to

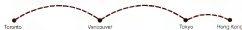
right to sell under the trademark in a jurisdiction where the trade name belonged in someone else. GEA also indicated its responsiveness with cabinet that all it really needed was the trade name. In the end, cabinet bought this argument and rejected the WCJ take-over bid. Industry Minister Don Jamieson cautioned reporters not to interpret the rejection as an indication of support for the GEA bid, but cabinet and GEA were hardly operating in a firm's length. Jamieson and GEA chairman R.M. Barford exchanged courteous correspondence on the matter, and GEA's lawyer met with G.W. Anzick, assistant deputy Attorney General, to discuss the legal considerations involved.

Barford issued cabinet a letter on March 17 that immediately upon a rejection of the WCJ application and the making of this statement by cabinet, GEA will proceed to purchase the appliance business of Westinghouse Canada Ltd. Cabot made its decision on March 25, a little more than a week after Barford's letter. WCJ's initial reaction was an angry threat of legal action, but later a more friendly attitude was shown, saying the company would act "to protect WCJ's inter-

Keep on stickin', K-101

These television commercials log the links with machine gun cadence and its machine gun delivery. But because of those ubiquitous ads, schoolchildren in 15 countries can meet in a virtual list of their products. Featherbed knives, Delta-X Sharpshooters, the Selfed Queen, the Puls-Spectra, the Fisher Magazines. And that's previously white Kwik International, because the combination of Seventies media technology and Twentieth century bookmaking that has helped boost sales from \$50,000 a year in 1961 to two products—the Tiffin New Kwik King Pro and the Featherbed Kwik-to \$50.5 million in 1975. "The trade is responding quickly," says Phil Kwik, chairman, president and founder. "It's a promotion works out and we have a market ready developing, we call it a sales program, at the moment we're not." It's a story Kwik worked out when he left the family's Saks department store in 1959 to hawk kitchen gadgets door-to-door throughout the West. That and the simple conclusion that his fast-pastoral spud cookbook with the television tube as a lid being door-to-door selling techniques into outlets of homes simultaneously. The

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ALLIED VAN LINES



Ellerstein and four sons—Philip, Harold, Raymond and Ted—formed Kneiss, a retail chain, last fall. You might learn something!

Teflon Non-Stick Frying Pan was the first winner in 1962. It sold well, but there was a problem: the "non-stick" label was particularly apt. Nothing stuck to it, including the Teflon. With first demand even less, he had him. Phil teamed with cousin Raymond (now an executive vice-president) and posted the Pensternach Knife. Now there was a winner. In 1965 Phil took the Canadian-made cutlery and the U.S.-made knives to Australia and, using the same television logic, marketed more than one million in a six-month period. The Pensternach Knife was the first dramatic example of selling out: the company is built on, never handles more than 25 products a year, change between about dollars and \$10 an item and find a product that can be easily mass-produced, transported and distributed on tolerance.

Records were a reward for the company and now account for two thirds of K-neiss' sales. One album alone—*Music Express*—is expected to sell 1.5 million copies in Canada and the United States this year. Their success has been so dramatic, in fact, that representatives of one of the great U.S. media empires made a pilgrimage to Winnipeg to get marketing tips. Phil Kneiss greeted them with the voice of an innovator and a few country plasticides. "I find it amazing how someone else has not been able to do it first. What we're doing is such a simple, easy operation."

Kneiss did not point out, however, that he and the members of the family that help run the empire (which, incidentally, is registered in Minnesota and only operates out of Winnipeg) had accumulated (large to the point where the company went from a three-million-dollar profit in 1973 to a \$160,000 loss in 1974. Shipments

to the 40,000 stores handling K-neiss products were sent on a cargo time bus and, for marketing purposes, assumed wild since they hit the stores. That year he worked five as long as sales were booming, but then the recession hit and would not be begun selling back to Winnipeg. "When we started, when we wanted to find out how much work we had sold, we phoned Cretin's [a Winnipeg department store] and we knew whether we were making or losing money. Now it's a little more difficult to keep track." Kneiss has remained more traditional methods of stock and sales control and K-neiss reported a profit of \$3.2 million in 1975.

Chris later also suggested that a week ago in the K-neiss empire has been the store Kneiss has placed on having religious. Cousin Raymond is an executive vice-president, as are brother Ted and Uncle Jack Kneiss. Cousin Harold is vice president of finance and nephew Kneiss is vice president and assistant secretary. Their share was the disappointment with K-neiss' wacky success. Until late 1975, the company owned the Valley Range Winery in Morris, Manitoba. When Kneiss found out he could not legally buy and house on reserves and let people come running to buy his wine, and when the province decided to buy his products, he sold Valley Range to Andrew Weiss Ltd. (Trinity Inc. K-neiss with its large international sales, is subject to fluctuations in exchange rates. In 1974 alone those shifting rates cost the company \$240,000.

But that is all behind him now. Kneiss says. Professional managers and a computerized operation are now doing out wrinkles in the 15 countries K-neiss operates in (Quebec is regarded as a separate country by the marketing staff) and by 1980 K-neiss will be heading Iran, Israel and Greece with its Faber-Magnuson, Patis-Sandwich and records.

ROBERT MATAS

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Science

Go out and chop some wood, boy, the cattle are gettin' hungry

For more than 50 years, wood chippers the world over have sought their own Holy Grail—an economic method for turning available wood into cattle feed. The beauty would be incredible: farmers freed from the perils of drought, weather and other hay crop risks; cattle raised in regions currently unavailable; an increase in the supply of needed protein and dairy products. Much converting wood to nutritious cattle feed poses no problem, chemical pulp does. But it's a waste of pulp and energy costs (about \$150 a ton compared with \$50 to \$90 a ton for hay).

So when Dr. Fred Bender, a research chemist at Ontario's federal forest products lab, inserted a cheaper efficient, nonpolluting process in 1975, he expected instant revolution. "I was pretty naive," he says, holding 60-year-old scientific notes



Bender and a customer: If the chips up off her poplar, there's a maple for dessert

science. "I knew these things take time. But five years?" Bender the long interest in a poplar plant in Ottawa is currently testing ferment chips of the sugar poplar—"the forest weed"—into brown pellets, nutritionally equal to medium grade hay, at about one quarter the cost. Cattle gobble it up, gain weight, and suffer no side effects. It will scale plants with capacities up to 200 tons a day (supplying 20,000 to 30,000 bushels) are planned this year for Ontario, British Columbia and Florida.

"It has enormous potential," says Loren Thompson, a specialist in animal nutrition at Kemptville Agricultural College, near Ottawa. "And it doesn't compete, as high energy grain. It's a world's first for

does grain, with human waste. It just as long worried that costs will drive most off the market." The process, based on pressurized steam, could also develop countries. "The poplar has forests, suitable for man or animal, could feed humans," adds Dr. W. J. Pyden, an Agriculture Canada research coordinator. Canadian feeders benefit, says Dr. Gordon Macdonald, president of the Agricultural Research Council of Canada. "It could substantially cut our beef industry, especially in Alberta where the big cattle numbers are an abundance of poplar, would have a risk-free, assured feed source" (Poplar, the most common Canadian tree, is virtually ignored by the pulp and paper industry on the prairies).

The reason for Bender's achievement was a chance 1967 visit to a feedlot where cattle were being fattened for market on

via Holland and spent two years at an unassuming camp near Fredericton, New Brunswick, took two years to solve the problem, working on it part-time while head of the lab. The solution came to him in a sudden flash of insight, but more in the minutes of mulling it, a game plan. "Experimenting with wood-chips back in the late 1950s, he and microbiologist Don Strada built a five-gallon mold culture (eventually dubbed "Eli"), attempting to duplicate the activities of natural microorganisms. The fungus is a chainer of fibrils of the wood structure—some with bacteria that break down cellulose into sugar and yeast-like protein. "Tremble," Bender recalls, "those bacteria look like little like ants, and they're contained inside. We had to get it."

Later, Bender realized that one of the acids, acetic acid, was released by wood under heat. If Bender could create the optimum conditions of temperature and pressure without adding chemicals, he might produce just enough acid to break the complex lignin-cellulose bond—and thus reduce digestibility. Bender and Dr. David Hickey, an Agriculture Canada animal nutritionist who followed the first digestibility test, realized their results in the prototype U.S. Forest Products Journal in 1970, only months after a group of U.S. forestry scientists had reported in the same journal. "There are as yet no promising leads for using wood as an energy feed for cattle."

In the years since, attempts to put the process on a commercial basis ran into the usual gauntlet of apathy and money. Capital seeking finally came in September, 1975, from Toronto-based Vancouver International Ltd. 30% owned by the Canada Development Corp. The firm set up to commercialize the process. Siska Technology Ltd. (Bender's son Robert is technical manager, but far from owned about \$200,000. "It's essentially paid," says livestock consultant Ralph Bennett. "I'd expect them to reach commercial viability within a year."

It will be some time soon for Bender, though his own debt owed from the process, inherited by the Crown, will only amount to a few hundred dollars a year in royalties. Officially started in 1977, Bender is continuing his research—without pay—in the poplar area. He is a parent. ("Why shouldn't I work? I've still got all my muscles," he recently turned his vendetta against work as a legal conclusion, asking his wife to quit as a scientist, and his body to Queen's Medical School. NORTON DOUGLAS

Medicine

The Jewish disease' has lost its racial prejudice

Tay-Sachs disease, an inherited neurological disorder discovered 90 years ago by an English ophthalmologist (Tay), and an American neurologist (Sachs), is probably best known for two things. It is a cruelly efficient killing disease before they are five. And it has a tragic and sorrowful story, a handful of unborn children, and, in victims have all been children whose families were Jews from eastern Europe. But now a team of Montreal neurologists has discovered Tay-Sachs in proportion never known before in the host place they might have looked—among non-Jewish French Canadians in the heartland of eastern Quebec.

Doctors from McGill University's Montreal Neurological Hospital, the city's two children's hospitals and neurologists from the University of Montreal have even enlisted a law student with a passion for genealogy to probe 300-year-old records to find the original carrier whose family gene code first seeded the disease in Quebec. More urgently the team, coordinated by senior neurogeneticist Dr. Eva Andriam, is trying to stop the death toll from Tay-Sachs—six families have now lost sons and daughters to the disease—by identifying couples who both carry the Tay-Sachs gene mutation and thus run a 25% chance of having a Tay-Sachs child. These carriers, otherwise normal, can be identified by a simple blood test.

So far the search has yielded results that are no less than striking. Among 600 men and women from the extended families of known Tay-Sachs victims in the remote towns of Degelis, Soreby and Amos, they found 11 carriers. One of every 100 children born in these communities, they

Eva Andriam pushes over a genealogy chart, searching for the ancestor who brought Tay-Sachs to a spot of Quebec

believe, could be expected to have Tay-Sachs (the previously best known target group, Ashkenazi Jews, there is only one victim for every 1,600.) But more than that, investigation has fallen across two other unique neurological degenerative diseases—now affecting no more than 40 children in Chateaufort County and another in the Gaspé Peninsula.

Rather with Tay-Sachs develop normally until they are four or five months old, then seem to forget skills already learned—walking, for instance. They never walk or even sit. Eventually they succumb to seizures, go blind, then die. The disease is caused by the accumulation of a fatty substance in the brain cells which is usually broken down by an enzyme—hexosaminidase A—that Tay-Sachs children are born without. The enzyme deficiency wasn't discovered until 1969, but before that doctors



had one word used to go by—a cherry-red spot on the victim's retina. That spot had been seen in the eyes of a dozen children from five rural Quebec families before 1969 and the discovery of the blood enzyme test. Chemists, doctors knew their patients had Tay-Sachs, but couldn't put it all in their 1972, Quebec City neurologist Dr. Raymond Pity sent two cases to Montreal. Suspecting Tay-Sachs, Andriam, her husband, Montreal Children's Hospital neurologist Dr. Frederick Andriam, and wife neuroscientist Dr. Leonard Wolfe, used the new enzyme test to confirm the diagnosis. Eva Andriam took family histories of the latest patients, then decided to test parents of earlier victims. First of seven turned out to be Tay-Sachs carriers. (Two others carried gene mutations for the closely-related Sandhoff's disease.)

The next year, working on their own time and on a shoestring budget, Eva Andriam, biochemical geneticist Charles Serey of the sect and others began the long hunt for common ancestors and the living Tay-Sachs carriers in the affected communities. Of the 800,000 old years everyone carries, about six or eight are always present," says Andriam, who works out of a tiny, cluttered office at the west Bay neighborhood with a night lab. Commanders increase the risk that two people with the same genetic defect will have children. "I think the main Tay-Sachs didn't show up before," says Andriam. "So not because it wasn't there. There had been previously no specialized medical care in that area before the last decade." Death caused by Tay-Sachs was probably called meningitis or blindness or whatever disease finally took advantage of the children's weakened condition.

The search for a single common ancestor going to be a long one. All it took was one man or woman of the 2,000 original French settlers in the St. Lawrence Valley to have carried and passed on the defective gene to succeeding generations (though both parents of a Tay-Sachs victim must have the same mutation). "If we can find that person," says Andriam, "then we would know which descendants run the risk." CLYDE ALLEN

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Talk, talk poor old Father
The father figure doesn't exist at all when one runs over the nation's news. It's when they land on the pop culture's couch that he's recognized like the proverbial Bushy in the desert. Torrey is on to self-delusion. A psycholinguist, he believes



Birthplace of Tay-Sachs victims

his profession is dying, the sooner it has its critics heard, the better life will be for the sane and schizophrenic alike. "Psychiatry is an empire standing naked in its new clothes," says the 35-year-old Torrey. "It has worked for 70 years to become a full brother with the other medical specialties. And now it stands there, repulsed in its infancy. But it doesn't have any clothes on. And even worse, nobody has told it so."

Not surprisingly, his manuscript, *When America's men turn gay*, was a commercial success at the U.S. National Institute of Mental Health near Washington, DC, where he is employed. Indeed, a few months back some colleagues even organized an uncomfortable convention to have him fired. Clumsy of the U.S., Torrey's recently published book, *The Book of Psychiatry*, an over-the-top broadside at the nation's 27,000 practitioners. "He's taken an extreme view," says noted researcher Dr. Martin Katz. "There is no question about psychiatry being either dead or dying." But among younger psychiatrists, Torrey's book has not with sympathy, if not acclaim. Says Dr. Thomas Stone of the Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse, New York, "I commend his courage. His book presents a reasoned review of the mythology of mental illness and the persecutory practices of psychiatry."

In his book, Torrey doesn't list 26 people who typically end up on a psychiatrist's couch, ranging from the "depressed" young mother with two small children to the eight-year-old girl who has started writing her bed-wet since her parents separated. A psychiatrist might produce a "diagnosis" category for the first case of "depressive neurosis" and for the second of "adjustment reaction in childhood with psychosomatic components." But, says Torrey, "if these people are sick, then the sick still corresponds exactly to the census roll."

Torrey, who studied medicine at McGill University and psychiatry at Stanford, and served with the Peace Corps in Ethiopia during the mid-1960s, argues that one can no more have a "mental disease" than one can have a "pigeon die." A mind is not a thing and so inherently it cannot have a disease. These pigeons do not need to be cured. They need to learn more about their problems of living—*not* from a doctor, but from a tutor, a nurse, an empathetic individual, trained broadly in the behavioral sciences. At most, about 25% of the mentally ill constitute legitimate medical cases.

While the long-term impact of Torrey's conclusions remains to be seen, the profession is certainly aware of the need to diffuse fear, at least in mental health. The number of practicing psychiatrists in the U.S. has nearly doubled in the last decade. Officially, the American Psychiatric Association has taken no notice of Torrey's attack. But, admits one official, the APA is now considering launching a \$300,000 study to determine just what the psychiatrist's role should be. **WILLIAM LOWMYER**

Press

The hand that rocks the cradle rules a newsroom



Harvey: among other things, a rock model

off the Tab's most recent readership figure is over 10,000.

For the Regina-born Harvey, daughter of Edmonton's United Way director Hugh Harvey, the *Tribune Free Press* battle reflects the larger issues confronting the modern day. "In the past decade, newspapers have moved away from being an integral part of the individual's life. That's what we have to go back to. Too many reporters and editors assume readers are on the same level of awareness that I don't think that's true. That's not a position of the reader. If you put journalists on the whole are better educated, better read and more educated."

Harvey herself, who spent her formative years in Vancouver and Everett, Washington, has always taken the business approach. "Even covering a federal budget," she says one *Weekend* reporter, "she talks out the people angle." By then the *Journal's* medical reporter, copy editor, feature section editor and staff development officer, Harvey assumes her rapid rise can only "I'm very ambitious. I work hard, and I was in the right place at the right time. Also, all along the line I've had people above me who gave me support."

She'll continue to get it from Harlan, a youthful 31 himself, who says Harvey was hired because of her solid credentials. "We always wanted to use more women take positions of responsibility with the paper, but you can't force women into jobs they don't want." Harvey's business analysis is slightly different. "There are very few women in management because there are very few women in management, few role models to aspire to." At least until Harvey's inevitable **ENTER LEADERSHIP**

Postpartum depression

Eighty thousand copies had rolled off the presses when the call from publisher Dick Price came. He didn't want a newborn male displaying his penis in full color on the cover of his magazine. The press was stopped, the baby's genitalia heavily disguised under the cover headline and within hours, *Weekend* magazine was again printing two million copies of its April 17 issue. But not before giving some impressive feedback.

An editor, Sheila Hirtle—with the Montreal-based magazine only seven weeks—assigned immediately. In the heat of the moment editor Sheila Peterson, 31, and the probably would quack too. Peterson herself had appeared on the cover photo, after rejecting one in which the baby's knee covered his parents as "crazy."

She flew to Toronto that afternoon to discuss the situation with senior assistant editor John Arden. Returning to Montreal the next morning, Peterson told a staff meeting she had doubted sanity and, in the words of one *Weekend* employee, "right the good fight."

For Work and the cover debate was just another weekend in the stormy 14 months of Peterson's editorship. She took over the magazine at a time when many people in the newspaper industry were questioning the work and profitability of weekend supplements. Advertising revenues had slumped below break even, and readers were complaining that articles lacked appeal. Peterson's mandate from publisher Price, she told staff in February, 1972, when she succeeded Frank Lowe, was to give *Weekend a Gault*. (Price's choice of Peterson as editor surprised many people on the staff. Just five years earlier, she was a secretary in Workweek's then Toronto editor, Phil Beatty.) But most of the changes involved personnel.

She recruited John Kulbicki, husband of *Weekend* staff writer Susan Cates, to fill the newly created post of associate editor. Veterans are director Max Newman was that fired off to *Weekend's* parent company, the Montreal Standard Ltd., and replaced by his assistant, John



Cover 1 (left issue) and Cover 2 (right)

McGillie. Then, in February, Peterson asked McGillie to resign and make way for Sheila Hirtle. Officially dubbed "the consultant," Hirtle is the wife of contributing editor Marc de Villiers, himself a magazine and former, the media baby cover was only her second. "I didn't kill the cover," says publisher Price. "I had it changed. I looked at it and I thought this was a shot taken for Montreal. I don't really believe. A baby can't be shown." Price was concerned that some publishers of the 22 newspapers that distribute *Weekend* would find the cover offensive. "I disagreed violently with that," Peterson said later, "but it's the publisher's prerogative."

But the basic product is unchanged. Meanwhile, the magazine is looking for another art director. It died in the year. The story of the present controversy is that the baby pictured on the current cover—10 minutes a story on natural childbirth—was born by cesarean section. **MARTIN WHELAN**

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Films

If you liked the scandal, you'll love the movie!

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN
Directed by Alan J. Pakula

There is a crucial scene in Winona Ryder's "38-5-36" Watergate film in which Washington Post reporters Woodward and Bernstein (Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman) are plying over thousands of White House library files. Assigned as a scribe to the break-in at Democratic headquarters, the reporters are trying to find out

offering performance of the actors. (Dustin Alan Pakula [Akron] has played down the reporter relationship and personalities, although these are conventionally supposed: the front wheel of Bernstein's bike leans against his desk; Woodward's bushier eyebrows look like a live-co breakfast in the role of Woodward, the cooler, more conservative of the pair. Redford radiates integrity. In-



Hoffman and Redford: from the working press's point of view, honey for Hollywood

if Howard Hunt borrowed a book on Ted Kennedy. The camera zooms overhead until the slip of paper and the two men are engulfed by the larger perspective. The cinematic point is made. Details, the research assiduously buried in an actor's performance or in a newspaper story, are everything.

In *All the President's Men*, a well-known book is which the "men" is the source of discussion, Woodward and Bernstein painstakingly look in their quarry with a few words culled from a bookkeeper, 100 cut-and-dried photo captions, an initial on a matchbook (Hoffman only book, it leaves a hand trail). The film, which dramatizes the first two thirds of the book, successfully conveys this density of fact as if documents had been eaten alive by the promissory process. In most media changes—when real life becomes a book, then a film, and finally a musical comedy—the hall of mirrors usually gives back nothing of the truth. But this is a movie you feel you can trust. Every aspect reflects a fidelity to authenticity, from the set (a 32,000-square-foot reproduction of the Watergate complex, accurate down to the scrub in the brackets) to the recent, almost self-

deed, his eyes sometimes stare like two monthly squid badges. The actor wanted the movie in March, 1973, even before the book was finished, and Redford's pragmatic idealism is a largely wrong force in the film. There is just the faintest hint of armor as the reporters hit the street, and the ending is pure Massing Typewriters. It's all the more a scriptural devotion to the truth in a form of pressure for the use of Watergate—or proof that movies can behave as responsibly as newspapers on occasion do.

But this indulgence has been earned. The signposts of Watergate provide many temptations—a reminder of the newspaper world, a parody of Muck—but with great restraint, the film makes have avoided the worst of them. *All the President's Men* recreates scandal and tension in a story that is so familiar we can almost mouth the words. It manages to do this by entrusting Bernstein and Woodward, who were doing their job.

Hearts of the West

It was inevitable that F.W. Murnau would produce a frontier film in Alberta. You can see it, he'd seen it. First writing for the Mont-

real moviegoing paper *Midnight* to radio in Calgary and later on, from publisher of a weekly in Regina to program manager for Metropolitan Edmonton Television Association (now ACTS). He'd still been of a long-running open-line show for radio station CMB in Edmonton and head of Fraser Films Ltd.—which is where feature film came in.

"The notion that the West was a frontier is a fallacy," he says. "Edmonton is a highly entrepreneurial business and Alberta has a better chance for entrepreneurship than anywhere else in Canada. There's a hell of a lot of money here looking for a place to go. More than that, we feel, damn it, we're going to show those guys down east that we can do it here."

And so, *Heart of the West*, in the same night now of a \$800,000 six-week production of *Wild Show: The Tracker*. The script, by Edmonton writer James de Pina, is based on a book by Max Bradshaw and tells the story of a young teacher in rural southern Saskatchewan during the Depression. The director, Silvio Mantovani (of *George of the Jungle*), has been brought in from England, the cinematographer, Mike Champagne, from Montreal, and the two stars, Bud Cort (Harold and Maude's Brewster McLeod) and Jennifer Egan (The Color Purple), from the United States, but the workers at a "second-level capacity" are Albertans. For all Fraser's optimism about the investment climate, however, *Wild Show: The Tracker* is being partly financed outside the province. Fraser and crew are partners in developing properties for feature film production and together they've set up a production company for the film and jointly hold a 50% interest in it. The rest of the money has come from *Fantastic Planet*, *Amblin* or *Film* of Toronto, the Canadian Film Development Corporation, the city network and "a guy in Toronto." After months of negotiations, the Alberta government finally came through with \$150,000 on a last-in, first-out basis. Fraser carried them down.

"In 1977," says Fraser, "Kathy Werba is going to write the screenplay for *The Temptation of My Sister* for me and in 1980 that's going to be the big screen Western epic. *Northwest Frontier* is working on the second draft of *Cadillac* and we've been having conversations about *Fraser Films* doing that. There are ideas about doing Mike Campbell's *Wildfire*." It's a promoter's talk. Now, if Fraser can actually persuade people to see *Why Shoot the Teacher*, he can call him a producer.

DIANE KOSLOWSKI



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Books

If two of God's creatures are truly in love, what does species matter?



Dear Beulah by Megan Engel (McClelland and Stewart, \$7.95)

Whether to appease readers or reviewers, the publishers of Megan Engel's new novel have borrowed Hemingway's strategy and sewed their literary elephants straggling across the Alps. On the dust jacket of *Dear Beulah*, Davies praises the novel's closure—a cautious though strategic if powerful concurrence with the Young Turks of Carfax. Margaret Atwood calls the book "plebeian in intention," whatever that means. Margaret Laurence finds it "intoxicating" and "profound," as she has most books by women written these past seasons. Inside, Jack Leiding, Rudy White and, *Adieu, Weissen*, abound in such restraint and care in adjectives generally reserved for the canonical works of Canadian lit. It's all really useless and totally unnecessary. *Dear Beulah* sits on its own.

Then in Engel's fifth novel and its close, spare prose she tries her restraining skill as a writer. Now it's the story of a woman's journey who escapes from her male-like existence to a small northern Ontario island inhabited by a large brown bear. During the half-dozen months they share the island, architect and bear become lovers, their intimacy aided by the bear's taste for kumquat and barbed only by the physical difficulties of intercourse during Man's search for self-revelation through organic unity with nature as theme with strong feminist traditions from the *Enchiridion* to Rousseau and Kierkegaard to Hemingway's *The Old Man and The Sea*. *Beulah* produces within life (by about) three million pairs, which may explain our obsessive (and literary) urge to feed away with the

wilderness. The reader could see his own reflection in the soul of Hemingway's fisherman when he confronted the fish on an empty and merciless sea. In *Beulah*, Engel has mastered the literary craft necessary to reveal at least a certain kind of human soul. The question is, what kind?

Small Engel writes marvelously about people who haven't the inner resources to cope with a certain tormented truth. Love the heroine of *Dear Beulah* from her most self-pitying to a voice. "When the sea-biscuits were laden with spring dust and the old tin snobby began to make of a woman of resource and contemplation, the flower her plucking private world were made public. For the image of the Good Life long agonized on her soul was quite different from this and she suffered in contrast." Not for long. "She studied his fury, asymmetrical balls in her hands, she played with them, slipping them gently inside their soles." "Wash out, brown hair" Chained and subversive, you are the entire fantasy of liberalized slavery, dreaming of sexual subjugation and intellectual dominance. It's in Engel's art to show we have not only domesticated nature but tamed it as well, she has succeeded. Whenever Captain Alah had in mind for Melvick, it wasn't a fair home, this dusk. Nature resumed more dignity when Melvick made war on it than when it was made love to by Engel. **BARBARA SKEL**

The Right Honourable words
A VERY COME LIFE, THE PRINCE LIFE OF WILSON LYON MACKENZIE KING (McGraw-Hill, \$19.95)

In 1947 when Wilson Lyon Mackenzie King was writing the end of his record-

breaking 22-year run as Prime Minister of Canada, he consulted a medium in England who put him in touch with the late U.S. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The departed friend and wartime ally begged him not to retire because Canada still needed him and because King possessed the wisdom that British Prime Minister Winston Churchill lacked. "You have this slow Scotch way with you," Roosevelt's spirit said. "You are not clever, you are wise." King then proceeded to cast doubt on the assertion by relaying the message to Churchill, whose reaction unfortunately isn't recorded.

King surely made such tactical errors. For 40 years he played his trade as a statesman politician ably, and somewhat successfully, exemplifying the lessons of power to keep himself in office. He also found time to keep a diary almost every



King's good boy returns to his mother

day for 57 years. As Stacy says in his book with less keenness on diary excerpts "It is the most important single political document in 20th-century Canadian history." Not only is it an inside account of Canadian political events ranging from Queen Victoria to the Korean conflict, it is an amazingly frank description of one man's odyssey through life—all the more fascinating and important because the individual was Prime Minister of Canada.

An enigmatic Canada in history. Stacy digs deeply into King's private life and comes up with a load of fresh information. The pious Prime Minister held women and had a lot of female friends who are named and described in detail. Widely regarded as a white knight because he passed for piety, King, according to Stacy, was also a bit of a dragon, occasionally slipping into bed with the poor girls he



Friendly Faces by Stacy

Friendly Faces Nearby Places



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was trying to redeem. Later he practiced systematic crowd control, making speeches, and rapping with tables.

If Stacey had written for information, or better if he had analyzed King's complex character to show how his private and public behavior fitted together, we would be more satisfied to read. But unhappy by the author falls into the trap King himself did, regarding his sexuality and spiritualism as some kind of strange deviation that created a split personality. King's personality was not split; it was remarkably unified. He was a genuine genius whose ideas were produced by the double standard of Victorian puritanism and the steady secularization of the St. Gabriel complex. What was different in King's case was the urgency of his Victorianism.

Nevertheless, it was no use as well as a liability. The powerful idealism alone propelled him to the top although it also generated common emotional demands. The thing he wanted most was to offer love and ministry, but that was also what he found most. So he wanted for platonic friendships. As a result he was desperately lonely and insecure. The diary vibrates with the plaintive cry of loneliness and the demand for confirmation of his own ego. Secularism was also a privatizer. Being his loved ones on the other side meant that King could interpret their messages and they couldn't ask back. It is no wonder that King's spiritual activity increased when he was troubled and insecure of himself and that the messages he received during those times were always flattering and encouraging.

At Every Double Life is not glowing but disappointing. When the letters to book as King is written, it will be a psycho-biography similar to Erik Erikson's classic study of Luther and Gandhi. **PAUL LOR**



King, No Dog, and Elita Wood, one of the people who gave him the message.

Death by ideology ...

THE MURDER OF ALLENDE
by Vladimir Rojas Riquelme
(Philadelphia: Univ. of Wisconsin, 1982 \$6)

A year ago Chilean president Salvador Allende's life, immortal "revolution in democracy," Allende's friend Fidel Castro came to know a look. After a 35-day wait that exhausted his hosts the Chilean it would be view work. The installation of socialism would take 30 years, maybe more.

As everyone now knows, Allende died less than three years. At six minutes past 2 p.m. on September 11, 1973, a patrol from



President Allende and his wife were shot and killed with him.

Santiago's San Bernardo Infantry School burst into the second floor of the presidential palace. The patrol's commander, Captain Roberto Guzmán, sent a cry of triumph through the test gun, raised on the trigger of his machine gun and the radio—Salvador Allende himself—fell to the floor, his belly full of bullets. Shooting Allende was just the first of a series of bloodless by the night and herbaceous soldiers who have run the once great, formerly civilized country on the other side of the world. For propaganda purposes it was very important to the armed forces that he "commit suicide," just as it was important to "Allendeism" in religion of Chile that he die fighting. Keithson Rojas Riquelme's account of the army's attempts to force Allende's body, already locked in rigor mortis, would almost make you laugh if it didn't first make you cry.

Rojas was a well-known Santiago critic and literary affairs reporter who also edited a Marxist magazine, *la Nueva Chile* (which he was unhappy as early as 1972 with the slow pace of Allende's march toward socialism. He died so then and he says so now in a book he terms

an "accident." Besides those who already stood against—the U.S. State Department has country's upper class and military—the army the Prologue. He says the U.S. Army three more Kissinger cocktails into the water than anyone. On the day of the coup, according to Rojas, American warships honored all Chile's coast and an American aircraft part of something called "Mission Australia" coordinated communications between the Chilean army, navy and air force. He also speaks Allende of boundless new-found vision in the military. Up until



a couple of days before the coup. Rojas says, Allende was phoning his loyal ally General Pinochet to ask, "What's going on Argentina?"

Rojas' book, largely written in Santiago's penitentiary where he was held after the Pinochet coup, is a bitter fact or a very vivid set of hypotheses. The detail in this book is almost too rich to be false, and much of it is new to the growing body of Allende literature. He claims that Chilean soldiers were prepared for the coup by being awakened before dawn every morning to see films of jungle fighting in Vietnam. He says that when the executed bombardiers of the Chilean air force tried to bomb Mr. Allende in the presidential residence on the morning of September 11, 1973, they missed and hit a distant neighborhood, the air force hospital. He says that Eduardo Frei, the former Christian Democrat president who badly wanted Allende

gone, believed for weeks after the military take-over that it was his coup and that the army was only coming to take over the rest of government to him. (No fact, the armed forces had always seen Frei as the enemy—the Kennedy of Chile). He says so many were killed in September and October, 1973, that coastal customers had to shut down because the fish being brought in were full of brains that had floated out to sea.

Rojas is best on the Chilean army as an institution which hadn't fought a war in 94 years, yet whose equipment was second only to Brazil's in Latin America. Rojas claims there were at least four uprisings within the armed forces: there were supporters of the United States government, all wanted or jailed after the coup, the "hard-liners," who wanted Allende out fast, the reformers who wanted a strong military presence in the government, and the constitutionalists, who for a while at least thought government belonged to civilians. A country notoriously favored by nature, for three years Chile was a theatre of global conflict—the East against the West, the rich against the poor, the young against the old, the right against the left. What happened there, like Vietnam or like Argentina or Cuba or Angola, was more than the sum of its parts, and there is no text. Rojas, for instance, who, according to the unadmitted Spanish version of the book, *El caso Allende* (1976) now lives in Chile, does not discuss the role of exiled conservatives in Chile. There was lots of talk, but little help. Cuba sent Fidel and a few thousand of course. Russia kept itself to itself. Chile recognized the new regime with an uneasy look—there was a Pinochet installation in Chile, even faster than there was in Ottawa. What if Rojas knows, he's not saying. **GLYN ALLAN**

MAGLAIN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

1. *Parke, Clarke* (1)
2. *Talky, Dave* (12)
3. *The Snow Walker, Mowat* (16)
4. *World Of Wonders, Givens* (2)
5. *Shogun, Clavin* (2)
6. *The Chieftains, MacIntyre* (4)
7. *1978, Kish*
8. *In The Beginning, Freed* (3)
9. *The Maryshoppers, Miley* (1)
10. *The R. C. MacIntyre, Miley*

1. *The Canadian Encyclopedia*
2. *Blue Gated, Intrepid, Swenson*
3. *Bring On The Empty, MacIntyre, Miley* (2)
4. *Talky, Givens* (2)
5. *Shogun, Kish* (16)
6. *Shogun, Kish* (16)
7. *The Pender's Almanac, MacIntyre*
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Shall we dump 'em, Mr. Sinclair? The pleasure's mine, Mr. Clyné

Column by Allan Fotheringham

There are great moments in human history that deserve to be embraced on film. Unfortunately for future historians, the documentary cameras of the National Film Board are not yet allowed into the fancy confines of the British Columbia Legislature, where bored legislators, leaning back in their seats, stare down their eyes on the faces of well-endowed gladiators that decorate the upper reaches of the chamber.

The latest in question came the other day, when the passionate participants of Premier Bill Bennett's Social Credit flock were unveiling their first budget. They splattered their desk tops in enthusiasm as the two-hour budget speech went unannounced about how the infidelity of capitalism had been driven from the temple and how the inconspicuous machinations of the New Democratic Party would never again be allowed to send the province into economic ruin. At the height of this tireless tirade, a pageful of piped-in notes to two high-profile capitalists seated on the legislative floor as guests—former premier W.A.C. Bennett and Robert Bennett, a former federal attorney general, former head of Macmillan-Bloedel and present chairman of Cdn. Hydro. The latter brought the scene that was previously the domain of the mighty Macmillan-Bloedel forest production company (he topped the lists of two of the highest-paid men in Canada: \$166,667 president Dean Tennant and \$137,424 chairman Vernon Clyné) and they held allowed Clyné's biggest manufacturer and exporter of forest products to fall into a \$15-million loss last year. The unexpected socialist, it seemed, wasn't the only one who couldn't add. Bennett marked this scene with his characteristic wit and stated firmly and, successfully, avoiding the media.

Aside from the minor thrill of titillation that runs through bare patches at the thought of bloodletting on the boardroom floor, the particular corporate conflict is a rehearsal in re-enactment so that we still have two great characters of the marketplace—tycoon in heat—shown in the limelight. In the age of the softest and softest secrets who resist most executive offices, it is surprising to be reminded of the two Paul Bragunas of the boardroom who would the axe in this case and coldly executed the Mac-Blo executives, who, on sales of \$1.5 billion, couldn't keep the household budget out of the hole. The two—then opposite ends of the country—were Bennett and W.A.C. Bennett.

Mr. Sinclair, of course, is the most powerful industrialist in Canada, one of the most overpowering businessmen in the world. As chairman and chief executive of the Canadian Pacific, he is the man who can take over Mac-Blo anytime he wants. He controls 14% and more direct equity. He didn't even bother attending the Mac-Blo assassination. Instead, he sent out William Moodie, whom Sinclair stole from the Royal Bank last year to run its leveraged "I'm innocent. I was in Mexico that day." say. Sinclair, with a baby-faced smile, when Sinclair smiles, his speech droop down, giving him the look (or so it must appear) to covering corporate



Sinclair is not lonely at every top

executives across the conference desk) of a lonely Canada.

Those of us who like to shoot at him in their call him "Big John" an old reference to a Wayne and Shuster classic in which Julian Casner somehow was transformed into a Mafia don. A brilliant figure, he resembles a knee-bender who has stumbled into the chairman's study by mistake. He has an air of executive ease and cultured hair-style, he dresses like an executive but his voice is so old you can almost detect mold growing on them. You could come your hair in the reflection from the seat of his pants. He has the natural requirement of vast ignorance: he does not care what you say about him, it is impossible to smile and stand like some hairy lumber, cigarette smoke, cautiously smoldering off him, while cradling glasses and confining bodies splinter at his feet.

He is almost a media groupie, willingly standing around press club bars while sudden reporters shoot depictions at his bulk. The highest paid businessman in Canada, he has had a scribe a \$200 dinner that his salary cannot be detected. (We

shall see.) He is from Winnipeg, and believes, like football coach Bud Grant, who refuses to retire in California, that the only way people come from tough places. Any through adversity. The Protestant ethic is correct.

Big John, of course, loves John Valentine Clyné. It's natural. Clyné shares that vast assurance that enables him to walk through life, stepping elegantly over the bodies beneath him. Clyné supposedly retired as chairman of Mac-Blo three years ago but, at 74, is the dominating force on the board of directors. An incorrigible him, he is in fact a man in a Shakespearian sense to enter late Vancouver due publisher Stu Katz, a close friend, once called him "the corporate welfare bene's corporate welfare man" (Clyné draws a lifetime \$90,000 pension from Mac-Blo, plus another \$25,000 for road money).

An impressive figure who offers a mock-English accent, Clyné in fact spent his teenage summers in a cowboy in the Cariboo and spent his university years as a miner in the ac. mountains. (His father died when he was two.) He embarked with a belly club during the 1950s general strike in British Columbia. Clyné's private knowledge during prohibition days and has been known, in the words of an ancient joke: "to take as long as four seconds before deciding to call it a wash and a second or a ruffian."

When this magazine once detailed the Vancouver social set around in which Clyné dumped a glass of scotch over the elegant head of a corporate rival, Clyné exploded with rage. "That's an outrage," he shouted. "It wasn't scotch. It was rye!"

The definitive Clyné came when he was on the ac. Supreme Court. The late Mr. Justice O'Brien of the appeal court overturned one of Clyné's judgments and stopped down his junior colleague. One day his two friends, judges by marriage, arrived at the same decision, made upward in strong silence and turned in opposite directions to go to their chambers. Twenty feet down the hall, Clyné could come his rage no longer. Whirling, he shouted, "Oh, it's not you who is not speaking to me. It is me who is not speaking to you!"

For the occasion of future generations, at the appropriate time the figures of Sinclair and Clyné should be etched and mounted in some Canadian version of the Smithsonian Institution in prime quarters of the prehistoric Canadian Tycoon Tyrannosaurus.

Take a second look.



Premium is more than a name. It's a reputation, an achievement. A very special, very mild Canadian rye whisky that knows no equal. Because no other is made from all rye grain. No other is batch distilled. Alberta Premium Canadian rye whisky is mellowed to mildness and maturity in seasoned oak casks, for a full five years.

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The Horseshot.

(Smirnoff, tomato juice and horseradish.)

Someone, it seems, is always trying to improve on the Bloody Mary. But only rarely do we run across a variant we consider successful.

Recently we discovered just such a happy exception when a ski-touring friend stopped through and suggested we try a Horseshot.

"It has a pleasantly rambunctious edge to it," was his claim, "like the flavor of that red cocktail sauce that you never quite get enough of."

We agree with our friend and also with his simple rule for enjoying The Horseshot: "I save it for après-ski."



To make a Horseshot, pour 1 1/2 oz. Smirnoff into a glass with ice. Fill with tomato juice, add horseradish to taste and stir.

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